

THE

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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WORK FOR THE YEAR.

HER MAJESTY'S Ministers begin the New Year with every reason for anxious consideration of the work before them, but with absolutely none for want of confidence in their ability to carry it through. A twelvemonth ago the more sanguine spokesmen of the Opposition were openly "giving the Government six months" to lose the support of the Liberal-Unionists, to quarrel among themselves, to see the secession of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL result in a formidable Cave among their own followers, to fail in carrying through their Irish legislation, to fail in every possible and impossible manner. The twelve months have passed, and though there is still, of course, no lack of loudly-professed confidence on the Gladstonian side, not a single one of the prophecies of evil has been fulfilled. Ministers are (within rather less than the usual diminution which the customary wear and tear of bye-elections brings on all Governments) as strong numerically as they were then, and the first election of the new year at Winchester has been a conspicuous triumph for them, while they are infinitely stronger in the fact that twelve months' difficult work and unscrupulous opposition have failed to discover a single weak place. There has been no public dissatisfaction with such prospects of domestic legislation as Lord SALISBURY has been able to hold out, and on the subjects of foreign and Irish policy there has been no sign whatever of discontent with what the Government has done. If any tolerably cool-headed Gladstonian will ask himself what would have been his feelings if the actual results of the last twelve months had been predicted to him twelve months ago, he will probably be able to ascertain (not without the proverbial sense of "cold water down the back") what is the real state of a party which triumphs over the secession of Mr. EVELYN as representing the strength of the Conservative party, and exalts as a memorable victory the polling of one hundred less Gladstonian votes at Dulwich than were mustered two years ago.

If it were conceivable that Ministers, after not too hastily or recklessly putting their hands to the plough, should look back, the last chance of any such conduct on their part should surely be barred by the reported utterances of Mr. GLADSTONE in Paris. So reckless were those utterances that, in regard to Ireland, his own chief supporters in the press indiscreetly asserted that there must be some mistake—that Mr. GLADSTONE could not have said what he was reported to have said in reference to the Irish landlords. Alas! the bounds to what Mr. GLADSTONE could have said or could not are better known to his enemies than to his supporters; and, after the celebrated, the unrevealed, and the impossible "other meaning" which he attached, by his own account, to his unmistakable language about Colonel DOPPING, there can be little doubt as to the possibility of his having said anything to M. HERVÉ. With regard to the not less mischievous, though less categorically disprovable, assertion as to the probable conduct of England during a great war, Mr. GLADSTONE's language simply emphasizes more unguardedly what he had already said at Dover. Both he and his supporters would exclaim in horror or disdain at the suggestion that a great European war would be a godsend to Mr. GLADSTONE, because he could in almost any case make political capital out of the conduct of the Government, and either claim credit for influencing abatement or repeat the tactics of eleven years ago if the Government

showed signs of acting. They will find few cool-headed observers of politics to share their horror or their incredulity.

But, however Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues may protest, and sincerely protest, that they will not allow Ireland to stop the way, few people can doubt that the maintenance of the late happy change of policy in that unhappy country will be their chief and most important task. The difficulties in the way will not lie in the direction of argument, for there the Unionist policy is absolutely invincible. They will not lie in the keeping up of a Parliamentary majority, for there is little fear of any more weak brethren following the example of the weakest. Active resistance is as little to be feared in Ireland, despite the wicked attempts of English Radicals to stir it up; and the cool pursuance, without vindictiveness and without relenting, of the policy of reasonably punishing evildoers is sure to meet with that success which even in Ireland has never failed to reward it. The danger is in the endless powers of mendacity possessed and exercised by the Nationalist party, in the absolute unscrupulousness of the English and Scotch Gladstonians, and in the effect which these two things may have on the gullibility and the fickleness—two serious defects—of the English people. When the motives of the unjust judge are avowed openly and almost in so many words by such a man as Lord SPENCER, it would be a rash thing to trust in the resolution and clear-sightedness of the average voter in England. When an evidently well-meaning person like Mr. O'REILLY writes at enormous length to the *Times* imploring England to treat his country with "justice," to treat her with "conciliation"—first, as if justice and conciliation were not, in at least conceivable cases, mutually exclusive things; secondly, as if conciliation had not been tried *ad nauseam*, and with the result of constant failure, for a hundred years; thirdly, as if the present régime were not the first during at least that time under which Ireland has been treated with justice, absolute and even-handed justice, which treats every evildoer without fear and without favour:—when such a person writes in such a way, it may seem rash to trust the average man in the omnibus to see the facts straight and coolly. But, with due trouble taken, there can be little doubt that he can be made to see them. And fortunately, with Mr. GLADSTONE standing by, his sleeve full of over-trumps in the event of any possible attempt at "conciliation," prudence no less than honour dictates a simple adherence to the way of justice.

In the event of that war which Mr. GLADSTONE is doing his best to hasten, but which fortunately seems to be less probable than it was, the path of the Government is not so clear absolutely, and the fact that very conceivably the situation might be such that at the opening England could not strike in either with reason or with effect supplies Mr. GLADSTONE himself with his usual pretext of truth to veil a substance of falsehood. But, as there is no possible doubt what the ulterior objects of the only Power at all likely to begin are, and as these objects clash at once with the interests of England and with her treaty obligations, neither the excuse nor even the possibility of inaction could last long. Purely domestic matters must almost of necessity, and failing some accidental disturbance, be of much less importance. No legislative reform of any magnitude is really wanted; and the only reform of such a kind likely to be tried—innovation in local government—is eminently the kind of thing which is a case for judicious management. By injudicious management the Government

might incur a serious check; but the failure to carry any proposed Bill, or the carrying of it in a much modified shape, need involve no disastrous result, and can hardly be otherwise than advantageous, as compared with more sweeping alterations, to the country. It is impossible to say as much of departmental and administrative reform; and here is the greatest, but also the most difficult, chance of the Government. Few people, except Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, expect a positive reduction of expenditure on the army and navy; but what, if not expected, is at least desired, is the provision of more efficiency for the same expenditure. If we can get more guns, more ships, more men ready for use, more forts and ports in a state of defence, at the cost of some reduction in the immense clerical and non-combatant staffs of both forces, and the huge army of persons who are perfectly willing to do something for their pay, and who are at present forced to take pay and do nothing, all reasonable men will be satisfied. With the third great spending service—the Civil Service—it is perhaps different. Between overmanning and corruption there ought to be a mean; but it is notorious that, in the opinion of many very good judges, it is a mean hard to hit. Yet it is here, if anywhere, that the opportunity of retrenchment lies.

WELSH NATIONALITY.

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN has published in the *Contemporary Review* a spirited essay on the Nationality of Wales. A reader who neither knew the political opinions of the author nor had read the newspapers for the last three or four years might fail to discover the practical object of an ingenious and eloquent disquisition. Like other zealous adherents of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN tacitly declines to join in the demand for the independence of the Principality. He admits that Home Rule for Wales is an idle project, or he suggests, as a mild alternative, that it is at least premature. His complaint that the Welsh members are outvoted on questions relating to Wales is not sufficiently definite. It is not known that the alleged oppression extends beyond the single question of the Established Church. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN is probably not disposed to identify himself with the anarchic and treasonable language of a few Nonconformist ministers who are also newspaper editors. Insults to the QUEEN, denunciations of landlords, proposals of borrowing the methods and the doctrines of Irish Fenians are as applicable to the rest of England as to Wales. To do Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN justice, he takes no notice of the revolutionary declamation which is habitually used by the professed organs of Welsh nationality. Though he probably intends only to strengthen the case against the Church, he ostensibly confines himself to assertions of the claim of Wales to recognition as a separate political community. He would perhaps be satisfied if Parliament invariably deferred to the majority of Welsh members. In one passage, indeed, he finds a grievance in the supposed discouragement of the claims of Welshmen to official promotion. He says that "he cannot call to mind a single Welshman who is at the present time a Minister of the Crown, an Ambassador, a Judge of the Supreme Court, or a Governor of a British colony." There was lately a Welsh judge of the Supreme Court, and a Welsh Under-Secretary for the Colonies had previously served as Judge Advocate-General.

It is true that only a few Welshmen have at any time held the great offices of State. Mr. CHARLES WYNN was the last member of a Welsh family who attained Cabinet rank; and it can certainly never have occurred to him or to his contemporaries that his connexion with the Principality had been an impediment to his career. Among possible Ministers no distinction could have even unconsciously been drawn between Welsh and English candidates for office. Competent candidates of Welsh descent must always have been few. It would be found on inquiry that Welshmen have had more than their share of success as tradesmen in great towns, and especially in London. It may be confidently stated that for hundreds of years no prejudice has been entertained in England against Welsh candidates for public or private employment. SHAKESPEARE himself, while he was amused with the peculiarities of FLUELLEN or Sir HUGH EVANS, evidently regarded Welshmen with strong partiality. In many parts of England Irishmen are unpopular, and possibly the success of the Scotch in certain

departments may excite feelings of jealousy. Welshmen are habitually regarded as members of the general community. Until lately Welsh farmers, bearing to their landlords precisely the same relations which existed in the rest of England, never thought of agrarian agitation, or of combinations to resist the payment of tithes. It is unfortunately true that when popular passion has been excited by demagogues, the use of a separate language furnishes great facilities for the propagation of discontent and disorder.

Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN perhaps exaggerates the importance of the vague and varying feeling which he calls "the sentiment of nationality," but nothing would be gained by a discussion of the force and tendency of an influence which, though real, is indefinite. It is, as Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN admits, difficult to answer the question "What constitutes a nation?" Perhaps it would be a pardonable paradox to reply that in the world, as it now exists, a million of inhabitants of a small district cannot constitute a nation. It is under English laws, and by unrestricted intercourse with England, that the Welsh people have prospered as fully in proportion to their material resources as the inhabitants of any other part of the kingdom. Their partial backwardness in civilization may be attributed almost exclusively to their use of a language only understood by themselves. Mr. MORGAN truly says that similarity of language does not necessarily constitute a nation. It is also true that community of race and of religion is equally inconclusive. Mr. MORGAN oddly recognizes the independent nationality of the Jews. It seems that "the Hebrew race, dispersed as it has been over three continents, and persecuted with unrelenting severity in each of them, still remains about as much a nation as it was in the days of the Mosaic dispensation." The history of the Jews is sufficiently remarkable, but in a political sense they cannot be said to constitute a nation. They have no territory of their own, they have no language of their own in common use, and they take an active part in the public affairs of the countries in which they happen to reside. There have been English and French Ministers of Jewish blood. A Jewish family has lately been raised to the highest social rank in the most ceremonious Court in Europe. The Welsh, including an indigenous aristocracy, approach more nearly to the character of a nation than the Jews who are scattered over Europe and Asia. A Welshman may be, or may believe himself to be, enthusiastically patriotic when he thinks of the narrow sphere to which he belongs; but he has another kind of patriotic claim extending to all the rights and privileges of an English subject. When Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN held office, he certainly never suspected that any of his colleagues had inherited a better right to public employment than himself. To have been a Minister in a Welsh Cabinet, if such an office had existed, would have been a poor object of ambition. He is of opinion that the bilingual difficulty may be overcome, so that Welshmen will at the same time communicate with one another in their own language and be on an equality with their English neighbours in the advantages which are derived from free intercourse with the world. It is not known that the popular use of two languages has ever been found possible, except perhaps during a short period of change. However this may be, the bivic relation, if such a word may be coined, would prove to be wholly untenable. The Welsh members, who at present are almost unanimous in their devotion to Mr. GLADSTONE, can scarcely be allowed to exercise political influence in England and to regulate at their exclusive pleasure all the affairs of Wales. Some of them were, until they discovered at the last election the expediency of changing their convictions, strongly opposed to the disestablishment of the Church. It is not known whether they will, for similar reasons, become members of the offshoot from the Irish National League which has been planted by DAVITT in conjunction with a certain number of Dissenting ministers. Those Welsh members who happen to own considerable landed estates in the Principality may perhaps not be disposed to encourage confiscation of their property, even if they are rewarded by continued possession of their seats in Parliament. Other political adventurers, who are not connected with Wales by birth or property, may perhaps be more conformable, unless they fear that the example of plunder will be followed in the rest of England.

The essay is, as has been said, clearly and pleasantly written; but it is almost exclusively designed to promote the

destruction of the Church of England in Wales. It is, of course, certain that the same mischievous measure would be applied to the Church in general as soon as a precedent had been established in Wales; but Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and his friends are for the present indifferent to the maintenance or abolition of the most beneficent of institutions, except within their own district. Possibly the preachers who support them would see with complacent feelings the temporary inferiority to themselves of their English brethren. One main reason for pushing on the Welsh agitation at the present time is the rapid advance of the Church in popularity and influence. The clerical demagogue who is the principal promoter of the Welsh National League imprudently discloses his bitter resentment at the frequent conversion of the younger Nonconformists to the doctrine and discipline of the Church. To him the resolute or hesitating proselytes are as odious as the clergy, the gentry, the Royal Family, and the other numerous objects of his hatred. Mr. MORGAN writes as if the Welsh, like the Irish, had adhered to an ancient form of faith which is opposed to the teaching of the Established Church; yet he is well aware that the founders of Welsh Dissent were, for the most part, ordained members of the Church, and that their secession is little more than a century old. It seems but reasonable that the Establishment, now effectually reformed, should be allowed to try the experiment of reunion. Its enemies, with impartial candour, proclaim their hostility to many forms and institutions which have no religious or sectarian character. The landowners, who have hitherto been on excellent terms with their tenants, are to be expropriated by the same agency which has been organized for the purpose of attacks on the Church. It will be interesting to learn whether Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN is disposed to legislate for Wales according to the demands of the newest school of agrarian demagogues.

THE FORGED LETTERS.

THE story of the forged letters from Prince FERDINAND to the Comtesse DE FLANDRE is, of course, sufficiently curious; yet it has in it certain things which are familiar enough to the historical student. To begin with, the fate which seems to rest on all such mysterious documents, from the *Liber De Tribus Impostoribus* downwards (except that the real *Liber De Tribus Impostoribus* had the good fortune never to be discovered at all), has attended these epistles. The memoirs which are so anxiously expected, the revelations which are confidently supposed to lurk in archives and muniment chests, almost always turn out to be *secrets de Polichinelle*, and the really astonishing and significant discoveries are things which were never discussed beforehand at all. In this case it has suited certain journalists, who may have their reasons for not blowing with too eager and nipping breath on the popular tendency to believe in mares-nests, to talk about the "consummate skill and 'knowledge' of the forgers and the wonderful dexterity with which they achieved their object. Now, in the first place, the achievement of that object—the sowing of distrust of Germany in the mind of a strongly anti-German and extremely suspicious prince—can hardly be regarded as in any case a very herculean task. In the second place, the officially published history of the documents is wanting at exactly those most interesting points at which such histories of such matters always are wanting. It is obvious that, if the letters did not come from the persons and were not sent to the persons from and to whom they purported to be sent, their value was, if not *nil*, reduced to something which it is not very difficult to appraise. But, though we have the highly respectable authority of the Prussian, or rather German, *Gazette of the Empire* telling us that they were not written by Prince FERDINAND, that they were not written to the Comtesse DE FLANDRE, that the document attributed to Prince REUSS was (by the way, this is an odd form of disclaimer) "never made by letter," and that "the parts ascribed in these documents to other august 'personages' have proved to be mere inventions," what the *Reichsanzeiger* does not tell us is the positive side of the matter, which would be much more interesting than these negatives. Who did write the letters? How did the CZAR, who, if nervous and suspicious, is not supposed to be either ignorant or unintelligent, come to believe in the truth of an unaccredited tissue of lies? How did Prince BISMARCK come to make or sanction a definite, not to say offensive,

charge against one of the most illustrious Royal families of Europe—a charge, be it remembered, which, though its precise bearing was then unknown, was insinuated, to the surprise of Europe, long before there was any public talk of the forged letters at all? To know all this would be really interesting, if not really important; and it is here exactly that the official newsman becomes an Official Know-nothing.

The text of the communications will not reward the gobemouche unless the mention of distinguished personages is by itself sufficient to delight him; but it is not without a certain interest to the political student, who will not be long in discovering where the sting, to the CZAR, of the correspondence lay. The writer, whoever he was, may have taken the names of distinguished personages as audaciously in vain as the *Reichsanzeiger* pleases, but he knew what he was writing about; and, leaving out names, special occasions, special personages, and so forth, it would take a great deal more formal and complete repudiation than is at all likely to have come or to come from Prince BISMARCK to make us disbelieve in the general accuracy of the view taken by the sender, whoever he was, of the correspondence. It is expressly asserted to have been translated by some one from German into French, a process which would enable expressions to be heightened or softened for the special purpose with great ease; for have not international difficulties turned, or been like to turn, on nothing more solid than the difference of sense of the word "transaction" in two different languages? Indeed, the very frankness and accuracy of the exposition might have thrown doubts on the authenticity. It is true that Prince FERDINAND and Bulgaria itself are "pawns in 'Prince BISMARCK's game.'" It is perfectly true that Germany could give no open support to Prince FERDINAND, and yet might secretly consider the Prince's action by no means wanting in conformity to German interests. It is, if possible, even truer that upon "the grave questions of interest 'existing between Germany and Russia' depend the utterances rather than the sentiments of the youngest Empire in reference to the youngest Principality. And, if we are confronted with Prince BISMARCK's denial (the exact terms of which, be it remembered, no one knows), it is quite clear that this settles very little. We have not the slightest doubt that POINS was quite right in declaring that he "never said so"; Sir JOHN was capable of more audacious inventions than that. But POINS himself admitted that he should have had no extraordinary objection to be Prince HAL's brother-in-law. That Prince FERDINAND, for all his shocking actions, "may have no worse fortune" than to get the better of His Majesty the CZAR of All the Russias is a wish which most undoubtedly has nothing in it but what is consonant with sound German policy.

If, however, Russia and the Russians are satisfied with the attribution to some persons unknown of a set of documents the authorship of which can fortunately, and no doubt with a good conscience, be denied by persons known, no one else has a right to object. It would seem that the Russian mind is passing through an edifying state of moderation and charity. Germany, it is admitted, has behaved quite charmingly. With regard to Bulgaria, nothing is wanted but a recurrence to the Treaty of Berlin, pure and simple; with respect to England, nothing is wanted but that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL may bring us all to a better mind and to the arms of Russia. These amiable aspirations are too consonant to the season to meet with disrespectful or churlish treatment. It is, indeed, true that the longest and most diligent study of the Treaty of Berlin will fail to discover therein the slightest authorization of Russian preponderance in the Bulgarian Principality. There is no kidnapping there, no mission of General KAULEARS, no "lieutenant-prince," nothing, in short, that Russia has been striving for months and years to obtain and do. But there are provisions which, in private law, would certainly be interpreted by any code or court in any country in a sense unfavourable to Russia's pretension of keeping Bulgaria prince-less. It is also true that, as has been frequently pointed out, it depends solely on Russia whether or no England shall be friends with her. The secret of that friendship is to be found in a single text of Holy Writ:—"Let him that stole, steal no more." We want nothing of Russia's, we do not even demand that Russia shall retire from territory which she has occupied in continuous and flagrant disregard of understanding after understanding with England. The "Russophobia" which is feigned by some interested persons to exist in England is for the most part, if not wholly, a silly fable. It depends absolutely on

the conduct of Russia for a few years whether the enmity which at present exists on her side, and the too well-founded distrust which exists on ours, shall be replaced by an understanding at least as solid as that which exists between Great Britain and any other Power whatever. But words will not do it, and nothing that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL or any one else can say will do it. The spectacle of one neighbour imploring another to come and fall upon his neck all the while that the implorer is pulling down fences, and removing landmarks, and enclosing common ground, and diverting watercourses, and impounding cattle, and so forth, is, no doubt, merely, as political comedy, an agreeable one, though it can hardly be exhibited to an admiring world without some loss of dignity on the part of both actors. "If you want good neighbourhood from us, be a good neighbour yourself and have done with it," is the only reply that Lord RANDOLPH or any one else who knows the facts can make to Russian plaintiveness.

A RIGHT PATRIOT.

IT is not an easy thing to be a patriot with sense and grace, and perhaps it is particularly difficult to be a Scottish patriot. Such a one is tempted to show his mettle rather by attacking the adjacent kingdom of England than by peacefully loving his native country. The translator of HORACE who calls himself HUGH HALIBURTON is a patriot of another sort—of the right sort. His little book, *For Puir Auld Scotland* (Edinburgh: PATERSON), is choicely good, as WALTON says, full of excellent prose, and of tuneful piping on the Doric reed. Mr. HALIBURTON slips, in one piece, "A Holiday in Arcadia," into the faults of the old garrulous *Blackwood* manner, and he makes KEATS talk of PIZARRO where he really speaks of CORTES. Indeed PIZARRO will not scan in the sonnet on HOMER, as Mr. HALIBURTON will find, if he tries. He has got the whole quotation wrong; and from this, and the style, we may conjecture that the rhapsody above St. Mary's Loch is an early essay, uncorrected. It is when he comes to Scottish rural life, Scottish literature, the Scottish language, that Mr. HALIBURTON will charm alike his countrymen and "the Puds," as Sir WALTER rather briefly styles persons born south of the Tweed.

Mr. HALIBURTON thinks that the Scottish language is dying out, and that Scottish literature is neglected. For the first complaint we fear there is no remedy. Melancholy it is, if quite true, that the Scotch are beginning merely to talk English with a local accent, and are losing their old words and old idioms. The old proverbs, at least, are likely to survive; no educated Scot will forget them. "I'll 'no keep a dog and bark mysel'," is capital; and entirely Theocritean is "The thrift of you, and a dog's woo," would "mak a braw wab." This is exactly in the style of GORGIO in the *Adoniasusæ* :—

φθόρος ἀργυρίω, Διοκλείδας
Ἐπαδράχμωσ κυάδας, κ.τ.λ.

"He bought what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven drachmas apiece for—dogskins." Here is another saw not likely to be lost in the North :—"They speak o' my 'drinking, but ne'er think o' my drouth." "Corn's no 'for staigs" is applied by the crofters as a Southron pock-pudding might understand it; but "staigs" are not stags; they are colts. "His eggs hae a' twa yolks" is a version of our proverb of geese and swans. Home Rulers do not apply to Liberal-Unionists this—"They are far ahint that 'canna follow." It would often have been well for a litigious people to remember this :—"Hame's ay hame-like, 'quothe the Deil in the Court o' Session." The language may be wearing away, but the poet is a pessimist when he writes :—

Oor nationality, oor name,
Oor patriotic love for hame—
I 'maist could greet; I can but sigh—
They're wearing oot, they're a' gaun by.

Not a bit of it! Mr. HALIBURTON's verse and prose prove the reverse; and so do Mr. STEVENSON's Scottish poems, which are, we think, not quite so correct in language, and more resemble compositions in a foreign tongue than this minstrel's artless and candid effusions. He speaks of old times—

When pe'er a lip was tolerated,
And "lock" for "loch" like Satan hated,
And aye the "r" though crank awae,
Gaed birlin' aff the mooth-ruil free.

Well, who does say "lock," except the men and women who

make Dumfries rhyme to HUMPHREYS? Is Mr. WILLIAM BLACK not in the land? and is his Scotch not good enough? We speak not of Mr. GEORGE MACDONALD, whose Scotch may be excellent "Aberdeen awn," but whose sentiments were never nursed on parritch. The Shorter Catechism, or "Carritch," one cannot pretend to regret; though BURNS taught it to his herd-lads, as Mr. HALIBURTON reminds us; and a funny thing to see must these lectures have been :—

And aye on Sundays, duly, nightly,
I on the Carritch targe them tightly;
Till, faith, wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
Though scarcely langer than your leg,
He'll screed ye aff *Effectual Culling*
As fast as ony in the dwelling.

This has a pleasant antique sound, but the Carritch was a frightful nuisance. Either you did not understand one word of it, in which case your condition was the more gracious, or you did understand it, and were possessed by all the horrors of Calvinism, beheld with the distinctness of a child's imagination.

Whatever is wrong is the fault of railways, Mr. HALIBURTON says with perfect truth. And for railways there is no remedy till the Ragnarok of industrial society comes. Other causes, chiefly wire-fencing, have made the herd's occupation gone. The long-legged Highland boy is no longer needed to keep the kye out of the corn. He does not sit and sing "on ilka hillock" as of old. His humble fare of porridge and pease bannocks is not spread for his great appetite. The herd is gone, like the Brownies, and there is less employment, less health, more crowding, more misery. The herd sometimes became a learned man. In a beautiful glen of Galloway, scores of miles from railways, a pillar crowns such a hill as Greece often crowned with an acropolis. It is the monument of MURRAY, who from a herd-boy became a renowned Oriental scholar. FERGUSSON and LEYDEN are other examples of promotion. They met the Muses, like THAMYRIS the Thracian, in the hills; but were more humble and more fortunate than he in this encounter.

As to Scottish literature, we fear that Scots know it but little. DOUGLAS and DUNBAR, LYNDSEY and BARBOUR, at least, are little read. But so, to be sure, is CHAUCER. Mr. HALIBURTON proposes a Scottish Chair in one of the Universities; and, if we have Chairs of Celtic, why not of Scottish? Where is Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE? Here is his chance. Principal SHAIRP, it is true, nearly turned the Oxford Poetry Chair into a Professorship of Scottish Literature.

THE SUGAR BOUNTIES.

THE controversy on the effect of the sugar bounties has the less importance because the system is apparently about to be discontinued. The delegates who attended the late Congress, though they had no power to conclude a definite agreement, would not have declared their own opinions so distinctly if they had not known that they were expressing the deliberate policy of their respective Governments. In this case the other States are indebted to England for helping them out of a difficulty which they had imposed on themselves. The motives, indeed, of the English Government in procuring the assemblage of the Congress were, as in almost all international transactions, not exclusively disinterested. An important branch of English industry had been in some places destroyed, and elsewhere injuriously affected, by the perverse legislation of foreigners. The sugar refiners and the workmen whom they employed were not the only sufferers by the artificial derangement of the trade. One of the main objects of the grant of bounties was to favour the beet-root sugar of the Continent at the expense of the superior material produced in the West Indies. Both the manufacturers and the sugar-cane growers had repeatedly pressed on successive Governments their claim to redress, and the justice of their complaints had always been acknowledged. It seemed reasonable that the country which enjoys a monopoly of the doctrine of Free-trade should undertake the conversion of other communities, especially when it could rely on the conclusive argument that they were injuring themselves. On the other hand, the Continental States were slow to believe in the sincerity of a competitor who professed to relieve them from an onerous liability. It was only after many refusals or evasions that Lord SALISBURY succeeded in persuading the bounty-giving Governments to discuss the question in an amicable manner, with the hope of arriving at an agreement.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY may perhaps have ascertained that he was preaching to a body of converts who at last understood a few of the rudimentary truths of political economy.

The English proposals were so obviously reasonable and just that the resolutions of the Congress have been generally approved at home as well as abroad. The greatest happiness, or the cheapest supply of sugar, to the greatest number will obviously be promoted by fair and equal competition in the markets of the world. Perfect freedom of trade can never be attained until it becomes cosmopolitan. The universal practice of adjusting supply to demand, and of selling in the dearest market and buying in the cheapest, would increase universal prosperity. At this point some economists have suggested that the interests of a single country in a specified trade or industry are not always or necessarily coincident with the general welfare of mankind. The bounties have had the effect of providing English consumers with sugar at a lower price than the natural cost of the commodity. The artificial reduction of price has been estimated by some writers on the subject at no less than two millions a year, and the professed representatives of national selfishness assert that the boon to English purchasers is worth more than all the capital which was in former times invested in the manufacture. Mr. LEVESON GOWER, who began the discussion, contended that the soundest principles of economy were not inconsistent with the acceptance of a voluntary gift. It was true that the donors of the bounty lost as much as the recipients gained; but Mr. LEVESON GOWER assumed, for the purpose of his argument, that the English representatives in the Congress had no concern with the general interests of Europe. If the bounties had not the effect of cheapening sugar in the English market, domestic manufacturers had no reason to complain of unequal competition. Other disputants on the same side have illustrated their propositions by supposing that foreigners might gratuitously supply England either with sugar or with other articles of general consumption. It would scarcely be suggested that such an offer ought to be rejected because it would indicate absurd blindness on the part of the proposers. Mr. LEVESON GOWER and a "Puzzled M.P." who has taken part in the controversy fail to understand the expediency of inducing foreign producers not to offer a large gift to English consumers. They would be still more confident of the soundness of their judgment if they were not opposed to the respectable authority of Sir LOUIS MALLET. Perhaps he might with advantage have been less contemptuous in his rejection of an opinion which assuredly rests on plausible grounds.

Sir LOUIS MALLET explains in the clearest manner the mischievous results of arbitrary interference with the ordinary course of manufacture and trade. The preference which is given to beetroot sugar over a commodity which is intrinsically more valuable undoubtedly involves a heavy loss to those whom it affects. The bounties are intended to operate as protective duties for the benefit of farmers, and they are of course liable to all the objections which apply to other industrial anomalies. It is only surprising that a dozen civilized States should, in one instance among a hundred, have learned by experience the cost and inconvenience of creating artificial monopolies. It is less easy to follow Sir LOUIS MALLET when he anticipates either the maintenance of present prices or even a reduction in the cost of sugar to the English consumer. If he could establish the probability of so paradoxical a result, his opponents would gladly withdraw their adverse judgment. It is not improbable that the abolition of a vicious system may to a certain extent cheapen production; but, if prices on the Continent maintain their present level, it would seem that the West Indian planter and the English sugar-refiners must be as incapable as at present of sustaining competition with France, Germany, and Belgium. It is true that in the supposed case the Government would be no longer troubled with remonstrances against arrangements which would have become reasonable and just. The Foreign Office and the Board of Trade evidently anticipate a different result. Baron DE WORMS expressed the well-known opinions of Lord SALISBURY as well as his own when he congratulated the Congress on the conclusions which it had formed. It might have been thought that the Government regarded too exclusively the interests of producers, if Sir LOUIS MALLET, who has long been the most orthodox of political economists, had not protested against unfavourable criticisms on the work which has been accomplished. Almost all parties will agree in approval of the avoidance of any reference to import duties which may be imposed. The Continental

Governments retain the right of giving their own subjects a total or partial monopoly of the sugar trade. The negotiations would probably have broken down if any attempts had been made to interfere with the exercise of their discretion.

The controversy which has followed the decision of the Congress has been, to the knowledge of the disputants on both sides, only interesting as it turned on an issue of theory or of principle. It was not to be expected that the English Government would repudiate the opinions which it had succeeded in maintaining to the satisfaction of all the foreign delegates. It is possible that Sir LOUIS MALLET may be right in approving of the Convention, though he has not succeeded in confuting Mr. LEVESON GOWER. There was substantial advantage in appealing rather to a body of representatives of the several Governments than separately to each of the Powers concerned. If the sugar manufacture and the West Indian trade can be revived, confidence will be more readily reposed in the Convention than in any commercial treaty which could have been proposed. As between England and the other parties to the agreement the Convention might be criticized as a one-sided bargain, or *nudum pactum*. Lord SALISBURY would perhaps not have regretted an opportunity of exchanging concessions in a commercial compact; but the country which had offered no bounties or exceptional benefits to any branch of industry had nothing to yield. It fortunately happened that the other States arrived at the sound conclusion that they might as well surrender an obvious disadvantage. The negotiations which are now proceeding at Washington will be much less simple. The chief English plenipotentiary is a sound economist on questions of protective duties. There is no probability of any concession on the part of the United States in the form of a reduction of the tariff. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN prophesied at a public dinner the future abandonment by the United States of protective duties, experienced politicians reflect that there are disadvantages in amateur diplomacy. A member of the profession might have other disqualifications, but he would not talk so freely or so often. Since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN landed in America he has been too ready to take all the world into his confidence.

Mr. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, in his *Episodes of a Life of Adventure*, gives an amusing account of Lord ELGIN's negotiation of the last reciprocity treaty between the United States and England as representing Canada. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would have little difficulty in reviving the arrangement, but he has neither so simple a policy to promote nor so free a discretion to exercise. Lord ELGIN had no Sir CHARLES TUPPER to consult, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will scarcely obtain the assent of the Canadian Government to simple reciprocity. Concessions as to the Canadian Fisheries might probably purchase corresponding advantages; but on this point Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will not be at liberty to give way. The main object of the American Government is to establish a Customs Union with Canada, which would involve the imposition of differential duties on English produce. It might have been expected that the proposal would excite strong repugnance both in Canada and in England. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is the ablest Canadian advocate of a measure which would at once put an end to all schemes of Imperial Federation. In this controversy he seems to assume the position of a colonist; though he would probably not willingly support any policy which he might regard as disadvantageous to England, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has taken more than one opportunity of denouncing a proposal which in his opinion tends directly to the separation of Canada from the Empire. It is strange that Protectionist communities are, for the most part, not unwilling to enlarge the area of internal freedom of trade. A Customs Union with Canada would bring within the provisions of the American tariff a country as large as the United States, though its population is comparatively small. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH declares that the arrangement is consistent with natural and geographical laws. The Canadian Ministers and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN protest against the regulation of Canadian Customs duties by the American Congress. In some respects the issue resembles the comparatively trivial question of the European sugar bounties. It is possible that Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's policy may tend to produce the greatest good to the largest number; but the majority of Englishmen will probably agree with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in deprecating a measure which apparently tends to the disruption of the Colonial Empire.

ODIUM ANTI-MEDICUM.

IT is a great misfortune for the public that Lord GRIMTHORPE is not compelled to write for his living under a vigilant and responsible editor. In that case his exuberant vitality might be turned to good account, and his zeal would not be allowed to run away with his discretion. Lord GRIMTHORPE has been passionately excited by a very commonplace lawsuit decided by Mr. Justice MANISTY at the end of the Michaelmas sittings. In that action Mr. KENNETH MILLICAN obtained an injunction against the Governors of the Queen's Jubilee Hospital, Gloucester Square, to restrain them from dismissing him as one of the medical staff. The ground of Mr. MILLICAN's dismissal was that he had connected himself with the Margaret Street Infirmary, where treatment by homœopathy is practised, if the patients desire it. But Mr. Justice MANISTY's decision, against which an appeal has been entered, was based rather on certain irregularities in the mode of Mr. MILLICAN's attempted removal, which in the opinion of the Court were unfair to him, than on the reasons given by his employers for their conduct. It would indeed be obviously beyond the province of a legal tribunal to decide between homœopathy and allopathy; nor would a judge's view of the matter be worth more than anybody else's. So far as we can understand Mr. MILLICAN's rather confused letters in the *Times*, he does not practise homœopathy himself, but only maintains that homœopathic practitioners do not get fair play, whatever that may mean. These simple facts, of no particular interest except to the parties concerned, might have seemed rather unpromising material for a fiery controversy, at least to ordinary men. But Lord GRIMTHORPE is not an ordinary man. He is, as Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD says of SHELLEY, though in a different sense, "inflammable," and the fire is apt to kindle before he has mused sufficiently. Lord GRIMTHORPE's rage against the medical profession is probably not inspired by any particular dislike of doctors. The fact is that he hates all professions, except the legal one, and "bangs them most severely," whether they consist of clergymen, doctors, architects, or clockmakers. If Lord GRIMTHORPE ever suffers from the physical ills to which flesh is heir, he may, for aught we know, take his blue pill, or his pink medicine, with Christian resignation. But doctors in the lump he holds to be bad. He denies their right to say that they will not act with homœopaths, he threatens them with an indictment for criminal conspiracy, he would apparently be glad to see the gaols full of orthodox physicians and surgeons. How much law Lord GRIMTHORPE knows is, we believe, a question open to considerable doubt. His career at the Parliamentary Bar did not require much legal learning, and a Vicar-General may, we presume, confine himself to the principles of ecclesiastical jurisprudence. He certainly seems to have missed the point of Mr. Justice MANISTY's judgment.

Lord GRIMTHORPE, however, with all his swagger, sometimes meets antagonists who are more than a match for him. Such, if we are not mistaken, was Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW in the witness-box. Such certainly is "R. B. C." in the columns of the *Times*. As DRYDEN said of ELKANAH SETTLE, Lord GRIMTHORPE's prose is boisterous, and his style incorrigibly lewd. "R. B. C." writes with composure, and differs from Lord GRIMTHORPE in sometimes pausing to take breath. Moreover, he keeps his temper, and therefore does not lose his head. Lord GRIMTHORPE altogether fails to show, indeed he has made no serious effort to show, why doctors should co-operate professionally with men whom they believe to be dangerous impostors. They may be wrong, of course. But they are bound to act upon their own convictions, and not to trifle with their patients' lives by sanctioning what they regard as a fraud. One instance cited by "R. B. C." will explain the medical standpoint as well as a thousand. "Belladonna," he says, "was adopted [by the homœopaths] as the cure for scarlet fever, because it was said to produce a red rash upon the skin. Belladonna was also recommended by HAHNEMANN as a cure for hydrophobia, because it produces a dryness of the mouth, which leads the patient to make efforts to relieve himself from the annoyance of viscid saliva. But there is no real resemblance between the belladonna rash and the rash of scarlet fever, nor between the viscid saliva produced by belladonna and the condition produced by hydrophobia. Nor, after the lapse of eighty years, has there been any instance of a cure of either disease by the reputed

"remedy." This is putting the matter plainly, and it ought to be decisive. Either the whole of medical science rests upon nothing, or homœopathy is utter nonsense. In these circumstances it is ridiculous to expect that allopathists will consort with homœopaths. An honest and competent man cannot work with a person whom he believes to be either a fool or a knave. No one objects to the practice of homœopathy by those who put faith in it, and any one may resort to them if he thinks fit. But even Lord GRIMTHORPE can hardly suppose that it is in the power of the Law Courts, or even of Parliament, to make men of scientific training consort with ignorant quacks. It would not be tolerance, but scandalous indifference to truth and to human life, if doctors were to follow Lord GRIMTHORPE's advice and treat homœopathy as an open question. Lord GRIMTHORPE says that homœopathy has never been formally condemned by the medical profession as a whole. We doubt whether the Society of Architects have met together and solemnly affirmed that the law of gravitation is sound. If Lord GRIMTHORPE thinks that any drug which will produce certain symptoms in a healthy person will cure the same symptoms in a diseased person, and that a cough or a rash is always due to the same cause, he is entitled to his opinion. But he cannot make a doctor share it, or force him to pretend to respect those who do.

ITALY AND ABYSSINIA.

THE inevitable consequence of the Italian occupation of Massowah has finally come. It has not been hasty in coming, but it is at hand at last, and Italy has a little war to conduct as the first, and too probably the chief, result of its acquisition of a port on the Red Sea. The efforts which England has made in the interest of both parties have been unsuccessful, and could hardly have been other than unsuccessful. The Abyssinians have been encouraged by the victory at Dogali, and will be satisfied with nothing short of Massowah, which the Italians will not surrender. The adventure of Italy is one which Englishmen ought to take an interest in, not only because it affects them more or less, but because they have both directly and indirectly promoted it. Italy was practically invited into the Red Sea by this country as part of a policy which was neither very consistent nor yet very dignified, but which may be said to be intelligible, on the ground that, since we must have European neighbours in those parts, it suits our book better to have two who can be played off against one another than to be compelled to endure a single rival. The suggestion—or perhaps it was only the ready consent—that the Italians should occupy Massowah was our direct share in originating this little war. The indirect share was contributed by our example. On ordinary business principles it is impossible to justify this Italian venture. It passes the ingenuity of man to show that such a place in such a region can be of any real use to Italy. But, in fact, ordinary business principles have very little to do with this intervention. It can only be politely explained in one way. There are on the continent of Europe many, otherwise reasonable, people who appear to argue in this fashion:—England has a vast Indian Empire, and is vastly rich; Holland has still great possessions in the Indian Ocean, and, though somewhat *déchu*, it is the more considerable for owning them; therefore, all you have to do in order to become richer and more considerable is to get hold of a spot of ground somewhere in the East, no matter what it is and no matter where, provided only it is large enough to hoist a flag in, and lies conveniently near to still unconquered barbarians. Whether the desired possession is worth having, and whether the barbarians will not give a great deal of costly trouble, and yield no tribute worth having, are questions which these politicians do not apparently ask themselves.

The Italians being a remarkably cool-headed and calculating people, it must be presumed that they have counted the cost before embarking on their little war of conquest. It is true that they protest they are not going to conquer Abyssinia; but a universal experience shows what is the value of protests of this sort when a civilized Power comes in contact with barbarians. Before very long Italy will either have retired defeated or will be engaged in efforts to bring Abyssinia under a protectorate. There is at least some probability that the Italians, being influenced by the delusion described above,

have hardly sufficiently considered what this means. If they are encouraging themselves by the recollection of our expedition against THEODORE, they are certainly making a considerable mistake. That campaign was, in fact, much such a raid as the bold BUCCLEUCH executed on behalf of his friend KINMONT WILLIE, though on a larger scale and with a more elaborate apparatus. When once Lord NAPIER had released his prisoners he was at liberty to march back to the coast and sail away with men and stores. Moreover, THEODORE had contrived to make himself so hateful to his vassals that the Abyssinians generally stood neutral in what fighting there was. The Italians will not be able to go away, and there is nothing to show that the present NEGUS is as cordially detested as his very high-handed and violent predecessor. If the Italians will make a slight study of the French occupation of Algeria, or of the Dutch war (still going on, we believe) in Acheen, or even of our own recent troubles with Upper Burmah, they will see that it is one thing to march into a savage country, fight a battle and come out, and quite another thing to occupy it seriously. As things stand with them, they must occupy Abyssinia, or at least a considerable part of it. The country is a difficult one to operate in, the natives are exceedingly courageous, and, as the Italians had occasion to learn at Dogali, their tactics are not the most barbarous thing about them. We would wish to be polite, but after all it is a fact that the Italians have not shone as a military people at any period of their history, though they have been abundantly clever as officers. On the whole, when the nature of the country, of the enemy, of the invader, and of the problem to be tackled are considered, it seems at least probable that the Italians are undertaking an enterprise which will require the employment of some fifty thousand men first and last to supply the army in the field, the necessary reserves, the indispensable garrisons, and the equally indispensable protection of convoys and the communications. Of course the expense will be in proportion. Our expedition cost a number of millions which is disputed according to different systems of calculation, but which has never been put lower than nine, and has sometimes been put as high as twenty. The Italians may be more economical, but if they go through with their enterprise, which is from the nature of the case larger still, they will have to spend at least as much, if not more, before they are done with it. To foreigners it appears a piece of dubious wisdom to put such a burden on the already heavily-weighted Italian taxpayer.

THE SHOW AT PORTUMNA.

NOTHING seems to have been wanting to the completeness of the performance just given by Mr. WILFRID BLUNT and his travelling company in the Court-house at Portumna. The manager's own "get-up," with the "green favour" in his button-hole, is described by good judges as faultless, and the pose of another member of the company, in an attitude understood to have been studied after a well-known historical picture, was universally admired. The mere presence of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE and Mr. EVELYN constituted a dramatic "point" of the highest value; and, though some think that the speech of the gentleman from Colchester who took the opportunity of informing the public that he was "an English lawyer" was somewhat in the nature of "gag," it would be hard to deny an innocent opportunity of self-advertisement to a meritorious member of the troupe whom his ill-luck had fitted with too insignificant a part. We have all heard of the actor who, having announced that the carriage was at the door, proceeded to add that "the man who would lay his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, was," &c.; and it was perhaps this spirit that impelled the gentleman from Colchester, dissatisfied with the task of merely introducing a deputation to Mr. BLUNT, to declare publicly that the Irish constable who laid his hand upon a crowd, save in the same way, was unworthy the countenance and approval of an English lawyer with an Irish name. Anyhow, his interruption was not more absurd, from the theatrical point of view, than the whole proceedings at Portumna, of which it is difficult for any one who has not gone as mad with childish vanity as the whole company of actors and actresses themselves to regard with any other feeling than that of disrespectful mirth. That it may

please the Irish themselves, who are always acting even in their most serious moments, is likely enough; but if the average Englishman, with his inbred disdain of attitudinizing and his keen eye for exaggeration, be moved by it—we care not whether he be Radical or Tory in his sympathies—to anything but contemptuous laughter, we can only say that all the healthier and manlier qualities of the race must have undergone a most unhappy change.

For what, apart altogether from the political rights and wrongs of the case, does Mr. BLUNT's exploit at Woodford amount to? What was there in the least degree heroic in the matter? A body styling itself the English Home Rule Union—and the proper sphere of whose operations therefore would, one might have thought, have been England—announced on the 23rd of last October that an indignation meeting would be held "to protest against the cruel and heartless evictions to be carried out on the property of 'Lord CLANRICARDE' during the ensuing week. This meeting the Irish Executive promptly, and, in our opinion, most properly, proclaimed; and upon that there were two courses, and two only, open to a man of sense and self-respect, as distinguished from self-esteem. He might have bowed, with or without verbal protest; to the orders of constituted authority, and issued notice that no attempt would be made to hold the prohibited meeting. Or—a much less becoming course, but still one which could with a certain amount of plausibility be defended—he should have presented himself at the appointed time and place of the meeting for the purpose of formally attesting the fact that he was prevented from holding it by *force majeure*. It might be difficult to do even this in certain cases without some risk to the public peace; but, assuming that the convener of the meeting succeeded in inducing it to disperse quietly, his action would perhaps be held justified by its results. These two alternatives exhaust the courses open to an orderly and law-abiding citizen. Still, it is, no doubt, possible for a man to incur disapproval as a disorderly citizen without forfeiting all the sympathy which attaches in most minds even to a mistaken exhibition of tenacity and courage. But whoever would retain this sympathy must show that he really has the courage of his misguided resolves. If he calls the attention of the world to the fact that he is about to run his head against a stone wall, he must really perform the feat. To interpose a buffer of some soft material at the last moment, and to endeavour to gain the applause of hardihood—or hardi-head—while clinging to the undoubted comfort of a whole scalp, is to put himself in an ignobly ridiculous position. Yet this is precisely what Mr. WILFRID BLUNT did. Having written to Mr. BYRNE to inform him that he intended to hold the meeting in defiance of the prohibition of the Executive, he added that extraordinary warning, worthy to stand in history as marking the lowest descent of the business of "patriotism" in Ireland to the contemptible, that "there will be ladies as well as gentlemen present on 'the platform.'" After which warning Mr. BLUNT went to the meeting, and when the police interfered and forbade him to address it, lay down, and kicked, his wife disposing herself in an effective attitude between him and the officers of the law. And then, after a few stage-whispers to each other—a proceeding which one of the police witnesses regarded, and recorded, with not unnatural surprise—Mr. BLUNT allowed himself, or was allowed by his wife, to be taken into custody, and secured his selection by the Deptford Caucus as Gladstonian candidate for that constituency. So many performances, similar in spirit to this, if differing from it in circumstances, are to be witnessed daily among us, in that eager pursuit of notoriety which seems to be the most marked characteristic of our time, that even people who are not given to practising these arts themselves have learnt to regard them with a sort of contemptuous toleration. But out of Ireland, or at any rate outside that circle of English politicians who are just now swelling with a sort of flatulent Pharisaism of benevolence towards a people who they hope will help them back to office, and whom they have consequently just discovered to be their brothers, is there any one who can possibly look upon this cheap posture-making as heroic?

We deal thus freely with Mr. WILFRID BLUNT's case, the result of which is not yet known, because the nature of that result has no business to affect any sensible man's view of Mr. BLUNT's action. Even assuming, what we have no reason whatever to expect, that on some technical ground or other the defendant's conviction should be quashed, the fact would remain that an English gentleman who should

know better has placed himself, for the mere ends of self-display, in a position which only "fools or fanatics," to quote a classic classification, of perverted intelligence can regard as other than ridiculous. We say for the mere ends of self-display, because the pretext of public purposes which has been put forward by Mr. BLUNT in excuse for his Woodford escapade is so preposterously flimsy that, without ascribing to him that inordinate vanity which makes the desire of self-display unconscious, we cannot believe him capable of being deceived by it himself. To suppose him capable of believing—like men more foolish, or, as in the case of the patrons of metropolitan disorder, more evilly-disposed than himself—that the right of public meeting was seriously endangered by the prohibition of a public meeting at Woodford on the eve of an eviction is impossible. He must know perfectly well that the circumstances of that and similar cases in Ireland are, so to speak, indigenous to that country; and that to the general question of the right of public meeting and its limits they have literally nothing whatever to say. And as to his contention that his object in wishing to address the Woodford tenants was to exhort them to be patient and to refrain from violent resistance to the officers of the law, it is simply amazing that he should think it capable of being entertained by any Executive Government alive to its duty with respect to the maintenance of the public peace. If Mr. BLUNT had preached obedience to the Woodford tenants—and, as he tells us that he meant to do so, we accept his assurance—it is as certain as anything can be that many, if not most, of his colleagues on the platform would not have confined themselves to that text. But, even if they had, what then? Can Mr. BLUNT really expect us to believe that, if the Woodford tenants meant throwing boiling water on the sheriff's officers and the police, they would have been dissuaded from doing so by the eloquence of Mr. BLUNT and his friends? And if they did not intend any lawless proceedings of this kind, what would have been the use of addressing to them dehortations which, if they were not altogether superfluous, might very possibly have been accepted as hints at ear-nailing accompanied with sidelong glances at the pump? "Is it not a queer country," asked The MACDERMOTT, the other day, referring to the "Island of Saints"; "the con-stable got a blow for his success in courtship, and Mr. ROCHE was sent to gaol for his success in keeping the peace?" Yes, The MACDERMOTT, it is a queer country, but it is not as queer as the last part of your question would imply. People who profess anxiety to keep the peace are, indeed, sometimes sent to prison, but only when their method of keeping the peace is calculated, if not designed, to provoke disorder. And, whatever may be the case with Ireland, England has not yet become so queer a country as that one of the QUEEN'S regiments should co-operate, as Dr. TANNER seems to have expected the 4th Hussars to do, with the Irish practitioners of a system which the QUEEN'S Government in Ireland are using every effort to put down. If Dr. TANNER'S constituents can succeed in stopping the sport of the Hussars' Hunt, as a certain number of them have now pledged themselves to do—why, so it must be. But Captain KINCAIRD SMITH did no more than his duty as an English officer in curtly, but politely, declining on behalf of the regiment to enter into any negotiations with Dr. TANNER on the subject.

MR. STANHOPE ON THE COLONIAL DEFENCES.

IT is with the most entire sincerity that we express our sympathy for Mr. STANHOPE. The position of Secretary of State for War, when he happens to be a modest man, is not in all respects pleasant. He is compelled by official decency and the rules of the game to take it for granted that he is really engaged in supplying this Empire, on which, as we have been informed, the sun never sets, with an efficient army and adequate defences. It is also one of the rules that he must talk as if his department is to be perfectly trusted, and is entitled to be left alone to go on doing good work undisturbed by critical and inquiring outsiders. But, unfortunately, these two conventions are very hard to maintain. Something is always happening to show that our army is badly in want of this or the other necessary, and as for our defences, they may be coming, but it is like Major DALGETTY'S promotion, "slow dooms slow." When attention is called to these facts in some noticeable

way, the Secretary for War is in a disagreeable position. To confess the truth is painful, to deny it with any chance of success nearly impossible, so that the poor gentleman is reduced to the painful necessity of getting up, and asking the public to show him a little consideration and give him a little time. When the Secretary is gifted with the necessary nerve, he can brazen it out, of course; but then it is not every Minister who has the aplomb of ROBERT MACAIRE, and there are times when nothing else will do. Mr. STANHOPE has certainly not enough of the quality of the hero immortalized by DAUMIER; and when he is compelled to speak for the army his utterances are wont to be decidedly more of the pathetic than of the audacious order. It would be unfeeling to jeer at his difficulties, and so, as we said before, we regard him with a certain sympathy, and rather wish that the War Office were different than that the War Minister were.

The speech which Mr. STANHOPE has just delivered at Spilsby is very characteristic of the unreformed War Office. Lord BRASSEY has been going to and fro, and increasing his knowledge of the state of the coaling-stations. He has come back, and said his say about them in a letter to the *Times*, which received its due allowance of comment. Like every other witness, Lord BRASSEY had to report that the coaling-stations were partly unfortified and partly insufficiently fortified; that in most places the works were not finished; and that where they were ready, or nearly so, the guns had either not been supplied, or, when guns were sent out, they were not the best weapons science has invented. Lord BRASSEY also noted that in some places where fortifications seemed likely to be necessary there was not even a beginning made in supplying them; and he, in common with many others, did not quite see how garrisons were to be found at need. These are very plain matters, and important too. A Secretary of State for War in the reformed War Office of the future will doubtless make answer to their like plainly and to the point. Mr. STANHOPE answered in what is still the recognized style. He said in so many words that it was very rude of Lord BRASSEY, an ex-official person, too, to come and spoil the fun. Obviously Lord BRASSEY'S duty was to remember that a Secretary for War is liable to be upset and unnerved when indiscreet tourists blab in the newspapers. But even Mr. STANHOPE felt that this would not be enough. The War Office must do something more than merely express its dislike of inquiring ex-official persons in yachts. So he did the traditional thing. He assured his hearers that the War Office has a plan, and that all will be well in time. We do not know what they thought about it at Spilsby; but, for our part, this famous plan for the proper protection of our trade routes reminds us of nothing so much as of a certain General TROCHU of whom Mr. STANHOPE has heard. There are good reasons at times why a Ministry should not publish information for the benefit of all the world; but we can see no reason why the War Office should be afraid of saying what it is going to do to secure the coaling stations. The fact that fortifications are being raised cannot be concealed; neither can the fact that they are not being built. If foreign War Offices want to know what ought to be done, they have no need to come to ours to ask. All they have to do is to consult a map; and, if they have not a sufficiently good one at hand, their military attaché in London can buy one full of the most instructive information as to the course of maritime commerce in Cockspur Street for a sovereign. With that before them, the War Offices and Admiralties of the Continent can easily learn where we are vulnerable and where we ought to be protected. We do not ask Mr. STANHOPE to publish minute accounts of the construction of the proposed forts. On such points the War Office can be as silent as it pleases. But, if it were to let everybody know what points it proposes to fortify, and what regular progress it intends to make, it would teach the foreigner nothing which he cannot easily learn, and it would secure a degree of confidence it does not at present enjoy. If we had such a statement to refer to, we could see, for instance, whether the War Office has or has not a fair excuse for neglecting Port Darwin. As it is, the famous unpublished plan has a very ugly resemblance to a mere stock excuse for doing as near as may be nothing.

BUNYAN GONE FANTEE.

JOHN BUNYAN has "gone Fantee." People who do not know what this means cannot have read the deplorable falling-off of the Rev. JOHN CREEDY, B.A., Oxon, as narrated by precious Mr. GRANT ALLEN. Mr. CREEDY was a second-class man, of Exeter, we think, a Fantee by birth, and a great student of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER. In consequence, perhaps, of these readings, he relapsed into heathendom when he went out to convert his benighted brethren, he discarded trousers, and danced through the kraal with a brandy bottle in one hand and a serpent in the other, shouting "Evohe" and similar pious ejaculations.

This was called "going Fantee," and a daring philologist has hence derived the obscure performance spoken of in *Pickwick* as a Fanteague. But the Fanteeing of JOHN BUNYAN is a much more respectable affair. *The Pilgrim's Progress* has been rendered into Fantee, "under the superintendence of the Rev. W. M. CANNELL and Mr. ANAMAN, "a native teacher." The Religious Tract Society are the publishers, and we sincerely congratulate the Fantees on this edifying and humorous addition to their literary resources. Concerning native Fantee literature we have no information; but it is not bad if it is half as good as the ballads and tales of Senegambia, lately translated into French. The idea of translating our European literature for savages in general is full of charm. We rather think a Cahroc would relish *Candide*, and the Ovahereroes could not but take pleasure in the *Waverley Novels*. The subtly metaphysical Maori may soon be poring over the *Pensées* of PASCAL, and the untutored Murri would welcome *The Cricket-field* in Kamilaroi. Here, indeed, is a field for missionary enterprise. Why stop short at *The Pilgrim's Progress*? The Fantee who has thoroughly mastered it will be ready to appreciate *Vanity Fair*. A Zulu edition of *King Solomon's Mines* would be cordially welcomed by the countrymen of UMSLOPOGAAS. The Zunis, who have lots of leisure, might get through *Through One Administration*, and the Solomon Islanders would never go about except with MARRYAT in their breech-cloths.

The truth is that we have hitherto given savages too narrow a view of our literature. The poor black man has abundance of excellent stories and songs of his own. For all exchange, we give him a Bible—and tracts. The Maoris were very fond of the Old Testament, and started a new religion of a military character, based on the exploits of JOSHUA. But secular literature is no less a need of savagery than of civilization. The rendering of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a step in the right direction. Why not SHAKESPEARE next; or, if SHAKESPEARE be too difficult, why not *Tom Jones*? English life in FIELDING's time is quite as like society in Fantee as English life in BUNYAN's. It may be urged that *Tom Jones* is not essentially a religious work. But all religion and no literature maketh SAMBO a pot-house haunting loafer very often. He loses his native virtues, he acquires European vices, and he thinks that as long as he snuffles a few stale bits of the patois of Little Bethel he is a highly moral character. All black converts are not like this; but who will deny that very many are! This is the place where literature should step in. The missionary often discourages the old traditional mythical literature, of which Dr. CALLAWAY found so much in Zululand, and Sir GEORGE GREY in New Zealand. If that is taken away, the savage needs something else. A Fantee translation of GRIMM's *Kinder und Haus Märchen* would be the very thing for him to begin on, when he has finished the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Then he might rise to SCOTT, DUMAS, and even VIRGIL and HERODOTUS. The Religious Tract Society is in the right path, and we soon hope to welcome a Choctaw version of *Treasure Island*.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF TRADE-UNIONISTS.

LORD MACAULAY, after quoting a violent Scotch Highlander, put an aggravating little note to express the satisfaction it gave him to reflect that in these days such angry passions as filled the bosom of his author could lead to nothing worse than scolding. A similar comment may be made with some, though not absolute, confidence on the paragraph of his monthly Report, in which Mr. W. CRAWFORD, M.P., states the whole duty of a good Trade-Unionist towards his neighbour who is not in the Union. If Mr. CRAWFORD could have his way, the Durham mines would soon be regulated by a very thorough system of boy-

cotting. He recommends the use of this Irish weapon, and that in very good Irish rhetoric too. There would seem to have been some difference of opinion among Mr. CRAWFORD's constituents and paymasters as to the proper line to be taken with non-Unionists. More would need to be known than has as yet appeared in London papers to make clear what it is that the dispute is about. In a general way, however, it is certain that some Unionists complain that some non-Unionists are not made to suffer sufficiently for their contumacy in refusing to come into the fold. Mr. CRAWFORD explains how this is to be amended; and, as it is his explanation, and not the difficulty, which is the interesting point, this last may be left among the things not worth knowing. The Secretary of the Durham Miners' Association and member of Parliament for Brancepeth, then, recommends boycotting in its most thorough and scientific form. He has observed that, though Union men refuse "to descend and ascend" with outsiders, yet they will not refuse to walk home with them, to pray with them, and to eat and drink with them; nor do they altogether decline to receive them as sons-in-law or other connexions by marriage. Now Mr. CRAWFORD thinks it time to cease "playing at shuttlecock in this important portion of our social life." "Either," he goes on, "mingle with these men in the shaft, as you do in every other place, or let them be ostracized at all times and in every place. Regard them as unfit companions for yourselves and your sons, and unfit husbands for your daughters. Let them be branded, as it were, with the curse of CAIN, as unfit to mingle in ordinary honest and respectable society." That is how you should treat these "goats of mankind." If you do not, then you have no right to complain "as to any results that may arise from their action."

Unquestionably, if this language is to be taken seriously, it is ugly enough. If Mr. CRAWFORD is to be treated as the laws of his country require, and supposed to intend the consequences of his acts, he must be supposed to recommend the use of the proper sanction to boycotting. How is the decree of "ostracism" which he talks of with characteristic preference for a fine word to be enforced? Is the Union man who walks home with his non-Union friend to be shot in the legs? When the daughter of an orthodox Trade-Unionist father takes for lover a heterodox non-Union sinner, is she to be carded or pitch-capped? Boycotting which is purely voluntary has been found to be inefficient even in its native land. In Durham it would be even less formidable. If the Trades-Unions really mean to act on Mr. CRAWFORD's recommendation, they must, of course, be prepared to do all the things which it implies. But it is not too optimistic to believe that Mr. CRAWFORD is not to be taken too seriously, or that the Trades-Unions are neither able nor willing to follow in the footsteps of the Land and National Leagues. His advice may be taken to prove two things of much less gravity. Firstly, we conclude from the fact that it has had to be given at all that the Trades-Unions are by no means such admirable organizations for the regimenting of humble servants of wirepullers as the persons who would like to use them for political purposes could wish. Englishmen, even when they do belong to a Trades-Union, prefer to retain a certain amount of freedom, and do not take kindly to being dictated to in the choice of friends to walk with, and share a pot of beer withal. The Committees of the Unions have occasionally shown a very good will to employ Irish methods, but they have uniformly aroused a determined, and generally a successful, opposition. Then Mr. CRAWFORD's little bit of truculent fustian proves another thing which has an importance of a more limited kind. It shows that he personally is a humble, though worthy, member of the now great and influential sect of shriekers, whereof Mr. WILFRID BLUNT is an eminent and Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM a supereminent leader. His "goats of mankind," and so forth, are not quite as good as Mr. GRAHAM's remarks in the famous blethering letter to the electors of Winchester; but, though inferior in degree, they are the same in kind. He, too, is one of the numerous persons of these times who seem to have taken Mrs. JOE GARGERY as a model. It would be a mistake to underrate the Salvation Army of politics. There are a great many of them, and they scream very loud, and that too in a time when there is a tendency to believe that capacity to yell is a proof of sincerity, and that all sincerity, even a sincere desire to do mischief, is respectable. As a member of that force, Mr. CRAWFORD has a certain importance.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

MUCH more interest will probably have been aroused by the reference to a personal matter with which Sir CHARLES DILKE prefaced his speech at Hammersmith the other night than by the political observations which followed it. Sir CHARLES, he informs us, has no present intention of returning to public life. He "has not yet in any degree relinquished the hope of vindicating his honour completely by law, and"—even should he be unable to obtain justice by such means—"he will still look forward with confidence to the day when his fellow-countrymen would discover the character of the odious fabrications by which they had been misled." Nothing could more effectually hasten the arrival of this day than the complete vindication of his character by law; but we are not ourselves aware of any legal means by which he can reverse the judgment pronounced in his case after a very full investigation of it before a singularly able and thoroughly impartial judge; and we have, therefore, no clue whatever to the grounds of the "hope" which Sir CHARLES tells us he has not yet in any degree relinquished. Meanwhile we can only applaud the resolve not to consent to serve his countrymen in Parliament "until they have learnt to trust his word," especially as they are not, it appears, to be deprived, pending their conversion, of his services as an outside critic of Parliamentary measures.

His opinion, however, on the character and prospect of the forthcoming Local Government Bill would be of more value if he or any one else outside the Cabinet possessed at the moment any definite information on the matter. In default of this information, the "greatest authority on the subject" of Local Government, as Mr. COBB, with perhaps a slight touch of exaggeration, described him, is reduced to much the same shifts of speculation and conjecture as those to which the mere ignoramus is compelled, in similar circumstances, to have recourse. To express a fear that the preparation of the Bill may have been delayed by "the struggles of some members of the Cabinet to retain vestiges of an anti-popular system which the House of Commons would reject" is to hazard a statement which it is as impossible for any one else to contradict as it is for himself to prove. We can only reply to this as to all other anticipatory criticisms of a measure which has not yet got beyond the walls of the Council Chamber, by reminding Sir CHARLES DILKE that Mr. GOSCHEN, whose official acquaintance with the principles and details of the question is in no way inferior to his own, has a seat in the Cabinet, and that a Local Government Bill which meets with his approval is, at any rate, not likely to contain any provisions which will be seriously objected to by the Liberal section of the Unionist party. Sir CHARLES DILKE remarks, with a certain satisfaction, that Mr. RAIKES, a member of the present Government, has apparently "given his countenance to the view that it was very probable that the Bill of next Session will fail to pass." But it does not follow from this that Mr. RAIKES thinks that the Bill would not deserve to pass, which is the construction that Sir CHARLES DILKE probably desires to place upon his words. His meaning may very well have been that the measure ran a risk of being shelved, like several other important legislative schemes of last Session, by the combined efforts of Gladstonian and Parnellite obstruction. That, however, will greatly depend on the amount of time which may be occupied on the work of Procedure, and on the degree of thoroughness with which that work will be done—a question which we are glad to notice that Sir CHARLES DILKE discusses in a very creditable spirit. Procedure changes, he said, would not be generally opposed by the organized party of opposition; and, if opposed at all, would be opposed by a small number of men, and thrust through by means of the existing powers to close debate. We can only hope that the open opposition of the small number of men will not receive the covert support of a much larger number of men who are able, by affording them a mere passive assistance, to add considerably to the difficulties. But, though we hope this, we cannot pretend to anticipate it with any sort of confidence. Things move very fast in these days, unless, indeed, their movement is deliberately obstructed; and the temper and behaviour of the organized party of opposition have undergone a serious change for the worse even since Sir CHARLES DILKE last sat in the House of Commons.

THE TIMES' CENTENARY.

CENTENARIES, if in any sense observable, are of necessity infrequent, and it is only human to make much of them. The centenary of the *Times* on New Year's Day is certainly a most interesting event, and it was commemorated on Monday in a most interesting fashion. Curious and instructive is the reprint of the very spirited document in which the change of title was announced on January 1, 1788. Pleasant, also, are the extracts that testify to infant rectitude and high-toned principles, or illustrate the first faint essays in the paths of light and leading that have since produced mighty results. The account of the patent "logo-types," the whole story of the vicissitudes of the Logographic press, is singularly interesting, whether we regard the tenacious faith of the inventor or the perils in which the invention seems to have involved the journal. To the philosophic mind the survey of the century involved in the retrospect of a great career is even more fruitful. At the outset a pretty hesitancy is shown between the natural inclination to exult and the excellent desire to maintain a chastened reserve. It suggests a child looking through an inverted telescope, marvelling at the littleness of things it is conscious ought to appear large. To use an Irish metaphor, the telescope is, let us say, a century in length. At the extremity of the prodigious vista the serenity of earth and heaven is something oppressive. There was nothing, in truth, to mark the day the *Times* was born. There was no comet at blaze by night, no milder portent by day, nothing to assist the cunning augur, and never a hint of the new power that should one day perplex Ministries with fear of change. In 1688, as in 1588, as the *Times*, with inconceivable pathos, reminds us, things were less unkind. But 1788 seems to have been a barren year. PITT was wooing peace, or contemplating reform. Whigs followed their wicked ways, unmindful of the advent of their future mentor, and Tories were untroubled with visions of their new tutor. NAPOLEON was only a lieutenant of artillery, unknown and unregarded. ROBESPIERRE, in some obscure office, mended bad quilts or worse oratorical exercises. The King of France was firmly seated on his throne, and statesmen were satisfied with the condition of France—"even France," the quietest country, by the way, for many previous centuries among the leading Powers of Europe. These things being so, the historian is compelled to find in the establishment of the *Times* the most memorable event of 1788. There is no help for those who regret the lack of competitors for this honourable distinction. After all, is it not ever thus, vulgar superstition notwithstanding, that greatness is ushered into the world? The state of Europe in 1788 affords only one instance among many of the good fortune that awaited on the *Times*. Had it been a year later, then our retrospect were less suggestive. Had it been but one year antedated, the memorable celebration would have occurred last year—the year of the Jubilee of HER MAJESTY—and what that conjunction would have produced in eloquent and world-moving retrospect is beyond the most fervid imagination to picture.

Leaving the tripod of exaltation, and considering the *Times'* centenary as the most notable event in the history of the press, sympathy with its review of the past is as easy as congratulations are natural and pleasurable. There is always something contagious in admiration of success, especially when success is of an imposing kind; but no Englishman who respects his birthright is other than an admirer of the *Times*. The sources of its success are not, on the whole, difficult to trace, though of course there are certain elements that elude the calculation of all. We do not learn much, from the interesting history of its early years, of the more secret causes of the remarkable advance of the journal in the years before the Reform Bill. To be high-toned is an excellent thing in newspapers; but a rigid adherence to an ideal, be it political or not, has before now proved fatal. This has certainly never been a defect in the conduct of the leading paper. Nor is the mystery of success in the least solved by vague talk about high aims and immaculate principles. These endowments are generally accorded by common consent or a polite convention. The most noisy pretenders to virtuous principles are journals that claim a few years of raw apprenticeship and yet outrage every decency of life. The success of a newspaper depends, in a great measure, on the skilful practice of the art of inspiring public confidence. Sagacity, energy, and enterprise, qualities valued by all business men, have never been wanting, as all the world knows, in

the proprietors of the *Times*. The history of Parliamentary reporting is but a part of its own history. In the art of obtaining news from all quarters with the utmost despatch and accuracy it has been, as we are reminded, the pioneer of the whole press. And this is the most important and obvious desideratum in a daily paper. Whether all other journals have followed in its mighty wake with the obsequious docility and the silent ingratitude that seem to have so tried its magnanimity is, perhaps, a matter it might be permissible to debate. A newspaper is a commercial enterprise, let its principles be what they may. The simple receipt for success appears to be easy enough, if not particularly satisfying to curious inquirers. With independence and foresight, and a dozen equally obvious gifts of intelligence, it must minister to public requirements and follow the times—not the *Times*—for this, as has already been affirmed in that journal, is a recognized practice, and vain repetitions are hateful.

"THIS DAY'S WEATHER."

THE professors of the infant science of political meteorology have just received a most interesting and valuable report from their "station" at Winchester. It is true that the meteorological facts and signs which its records are rather difficult to fit in with certain previously framed forecasts on which the professors were pretty generally agreed; but it is by triumphing over difficulties that a science grows. Still there it is. All the best meteorologists, with the founder of the science at their head, concurred in assuring us that the "temporary depression," over what may be called the Gladstonian quarter of the political weather-chart, would be certainly found in their last report to have disappeared, though the barometer might not prove to have actually risen throughout the whole region of Liberalism. And even those who disagreed with the forecast, as a whole, were almost universally inclined to believe that the best report they themselves could possibly hope for was one of "no change since the last reading." But what both parties have actually learnt from the last advices is that, not only has the depression not disappeared over either region of the political weather chart, but that it has actually increased to an almost alarming extent over both. In other words, the result of the Winchester election is, on the principles of the "sophisters" and "calculators," inexplicable, and to their theories absolutely disastrous. The one thing has happened which they thought so improbable that they had not prepared themselves with any argumentative subterfuges in advance. If Mr. Moss's majority had ever so little fallen short of that of Colonel TOTTENHAM at the election of 1886, they would have said that the constituency was gradually recovering from its "scare" over the Separation Bill, and reverting from its extreme anti-Gladstonism of that year to the moderate anti-Liberalism of the year before. Even if Mr. Moss had succeeded in maintaining Colonel TOTTENHAM's majority, they would have been prepared to argue that for the cause of Unionism "not to advance was to recede." What they hoped for, and at the last even expected, was that Mr. VANDERBYL of the "chequered history" would succeed in knocking off half the '86 majority of 336, and reducing it to the '85 majority of 171. What has actually happened is that the '86 majority has increased by more than sixty per cent., while the '85 majority has more than quadrupled. In other words, whereas Colonel TOTTENHAM won by only 171 votes in the earlier of those two years, and by only 336 in the later, Mr. Moss has now been returned by a majority of 515, and this upon a larger total poll than on either of the two former occasions.

We are, of course, well pleased with this proof, so far as it goes, that the cause of the Union has gained ground in Winchester, and that, so far as this constituency is concerned, Mr. GLADSTONE's prospects of regaining ascendancy there are more remote than ever. What, however, we are even much more disposed to welcome in this signal victory is its disconcerting effect upon the silly study to which we referred at the outset of these remarks. For it is, of course, obvious that the political meteorologist cannot minimize its significance without discrediting the very basis of his own puerile speculations. Either it means what it appears to mean—that the Union is really more than sixty per cent. stronger in Winchester (and, therefore, according to our foolish friends' theory, in England) than it

was when a Unionist polled more than half as many votes again as his opponent, or it does not mean what it appears to mean; and, if so, why doesn't it? In the former case the result is disastrous to the political hopes of the Gladstonians; in the latter it is destructive of their credit as meteorologists. Of course we should like to embrace the former conclusion if we could; but, as we cannot, we may be well content with the issue of an election which establishes the latter. We cannot profess to think it probable that Unionist principles, already very strong in Winchester at the election of 1886, have since gained over sixty per cent. in numerical strength of support; and, even if we did think so, we should not be ready to jump from that point to the conclusion that this distribution of opinion in Winchester is a natural and infallible index to the distribution of opinion throughout England. We admit, with these figures so strongly in our favour before us, that such an inference would be quite unwarrantable, and we shall expect the same candour from the Gladstonians hereafter when the situation is reversed. They are in a sufficiently ridiculous situation as it is. Do not let them provoke more ridicule by first agreeing with us that the very extravagance of occasional successes in bye-elections is destructive of the theory of their significance, and then attempting hereafter to make out that the most extravagant success may mean a good deal when it is on the right side.

ALL SOULS.

THERE is no part of the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church which moves those who cannot accept its dogmas so deeply as the repeated references to the dead which it contains. One need not accept the doctrine of purgatory to be touched by prayers that awaken the tenderest of memories; and the invitation to associate what has been saddest and holiest in our own lives with all that has been purest and noblest in the history of the Church is one that both soothes and elevates the grief of mourners. Hence All Souls', the day which is specially set apart for such services, possesses a peculiar sanctity for all who, have ever felt the poetry which underlies the doctrines no less than the rites of the Church, and from which both alike have sprung. In the toil and struggle of life we too easily forget the dead, or remember them with a sense of loss only, instead of gratitude; it seems well that once in the year an opportunity should be afforded for dwelling on memories of them in a different way, for recalling all that endeared them to us, which often means all that has lent our past life its emotional value.

In nothing does the strange contrast between Southern and Northern modes of feeling appear more strongly and more to the advantage of the latter than in the different ways in which this day is celebrated in countries which are equally Roman Catholic in their profession of faith. In all the religious services are the same; masses for the dead are read, the "Dies Ire" is sung, and the prayer, "Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them," rises from thousands of hearts as well as lips. But outside the church nothing can be more unlike than the bearing of the worshippers.

In Naples the day is regarded as a holiday, and the visit of the families to the churchyard for the purpose of decorating the graves degenerates into a pleasure party. Metal garlands are chiefly used for the purpose; and, though they are more durable, they hardly possess the charm of real leaves and flowers. They may, however, be regarded as symbolic of the behaviour, if not always of the feelings, of those who offer them. On the way to the cemetery a decent sobriety is observed, and the various families usually remain separate; but on the return general sociability and mirth are the rule. The roadside is lined with inns, which are better filled on this than any other day in the year; and from all of them the sound of singing and dancing may be heard. Indeed, it is by no means uncommon for a young Neapolitan to say to a friend, "We are going to visit our mother's grave tomorrow, and on our way back we shall stop at such or such an inn"; which means, If you like to come there, you can dance with my sister. To an Englishman no celebration of the day seems a better thing. If we forget our dead, we do not make their memory the excuse for a jollification.

It is not, however, in this point alone that a difference of sentiment exists. The whole way in which the Neapolitans treat the bodies of the dead fills us with disgust. To exhume a corpse a year or two after it has been buried, to have the skeleton taken to pieces and the bones carefully cleaned, would seem to us a wanton outrage; the wealthy Neapolitan who neglects to have this done for his kindred is regarded as heartless. To carry about the prepared bones of a pet child, and to place them in a sealed casket on the drawing-room mantelpiece, seems to us simply shocking; in Southern Italy it has been regarded as a most pathetic expression of sorrow. But the height of what appears to us grotesque horror has been reached by a widower, who has the embalmed corpse of his wife dressed anew once a year in fresh

and gorgeous apparel, and seizes the opportunity to present it with a new ring or bracelet.

We need linger no longer on a repulsive subject, but simply remark in passing that the system of double burial, to which reference has been made, accounts, to a certain extent, for the peculiar character of the Campo Santo. It is situated on the side of a hill and resembles a city more than a graveyard. The paths, or rather streets, pass between stately buildings, which in some cases might almost be mistaken for chapels, and in others for palaces. In these the bones of generations of noble families lie entombed as their bodies could not do. The whole place speaks of solemn pomp rather than affectionate remembrance. It is the grandeur, not the sadness, of death which is embodied in these edifices, and yet, in spite of the incongruity of many details, it makes a strong impression upon the mind. The awe excited by the mystery we are daily approaching is here the predominating sentiment; not either heartbreak, dread, or gloom.

A day set apart to remember death rather than the dead in this spirit might not be unimproving, though it could hardly find a place in any Christian calendar; but the Campo Santo is never less impressive than on the day when it is thronged by the relations of those who are buried within it. In the villages, too, where the day is observed with a certain seriousness, grotesque incidents are apt to mar, for the stranger at least, the sense of mournful calm which the religious services excite. In one of the churches of Ravello, for example, a disgusting effigy is placed before the high altar, instead of the shrouded structure in which, during the funeral service, the coffin is placed. The very skill with which it is made renders it the more repulsive. The fallen cheeks and livid hue are rendered with what seems, in the half light, a frightful realism; and it is clad in the court dress of some former century, in a suit embroidered with gold, red stockings, and pointed shoes. Or is it perhaps a real mummy? The writer did not pause to inquire. In fact, the South Italian seems to be utterly destitute of the feeling which prompts us to conceal as far as possible, even from our imaginations, all that is revolting in death.

All Souls' in a Catholic Alpine village is very different from anything hitherto described, and often more touching in its simplicity than the elaborate ceremonies of cathedral towns. As soon as the mass has been heard on All Saints, the women of the family busy themselves with weaving wreaths of evergreens, into which any flowers that are still hardy enough to blossom are eagerly worked. In the afternoon these are carried to the churchyard, and laid upon the graves with almost silent reverence; and in the evening a lamp is placed at the foot of the last resting-place of every departed friend. At such a time the cemetery is a strange sight, with the garlands, the lights, and the groups of mourners kneeling, often in the snow; and when one passes an untended grave it seems sadly desolate. Are those who lie within entirely forgotten? one wonders; or are hearts in the wilds and cities of distant lands at this very moment yearning towards the spot that seems so deserted? We cannot tell; nor does it matter. In a few years the graves of even the best and wisest must be forgotten, or excite only the idle curiosity of the tourist, since personal affection cannot outlive a single generation. But while we continue to consider natural piety a good thing, and think it well that our present and future should be linked to our past by other than purely material bonds, we cannot regard the celebration of All Souls' as wholly evil and superstitious.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF CHEAPNESS.

IN the empty, vast, and wandering mass of correspondence about Fair-trade and Free-trade and dreadful trade of all kinds, there is one point which has been left almost alone by those persons who rush in where no angels (except Lord Grimthorpe and Mr. Goldwin Smith and a very few other very peculiar angels) care much to tread—the ground of the said correspondence with newspapers. It is needless to say that the considerations which we are going to put have nothing to do with the economic and political aspect of the question; except, indeed, that they rest on a very solid economic basis, the proposition that it will always, if other things do not interfere, pay better to sell a large quantity of commodities without much trouble of preparing and keeping, and at a low price, rather than to sell a small quantity of commodities expensively prepared and, it may be, long kept, at a high price. All men—all commercial men—know this, and have acted on it for many years. But the effect of it has never, that we know, been taken note of by “eminent hands.” We are “eminent hands,” and we are going to take note of it—for the benefit of the public.

There are some branches of the subject on which we have already spoken, such as cheese; following therein the lead (which we are always glad to acknowledge) of Archdeacon Denison, a person whose opinions are nearly always sound, though sometimes fantastic, whether the subject be cheese or Latin pronunciation, rhubarb tart or Mr. Gladstone. Nor do we for the present care to go into the crucial question of wine—that also we have touched on and may touch on again. The great subject of the present paper is sugar—of sugar the Muse shall speak and Mr. Speaker shall hear. We know a man who, in avowed emulation of the *compagnon miraculeux* Jules Vabre, has had in hand for

many years a treatise “On The Unsugarliness of Sugar.” But we do not intend to take that scholastic form. The immediate starting-point of the present discussion is a remark made by some one in the late or present discussion on bounties, that since the talk of their abolition he has had to pay a halfpenny a pound more for sugar. Put in other words, the remark is only another form of the frequently made remark that sugar was never so cheap as it has been in the last few years. Granted. We are going to supplement that proposition with an interrogation—Was it ever so bad?

It will be understood at once that we are not talking of adulteration. There was a time when “Have you sanded the sugar?” was a good joke; if it were risked at present its reception would be like the reception of those jokes about the defunct Lord Ringwood, Mr. Thackeray’s account of which is one of the truest and most terrible things he ever did. Why should any one sand sugar? There is no bounty on sand, and you would have the trouble of collecting it and the expense of carrying it up to London. Nothing, not even arsenic, is so cheap as sugar now. It is popularly reported that jerry-builders would realize the dream of childhood and use sugar instead of bricks, but that the one characteristic which in its modern form it retains is a faculty of being ill suited to a rainy climate. Except the youngest of us, all can recollect what sugar *was*. In the first place, though that is a detail, it was sugar; made of the sugar-cane. It was either brown or white. If it was brown, it was somewhat too sweet for anybody who had a not very “sweet tooth,” and the bottom of the cask (called “foot-sugar”) was a sort of confection of sugar and molasses, uncommonly bad for toothache, gout, and other things, and naturally not very welcome to persons like ourselves (this makes the point and weight of this paper) who do not care for sweets of this kind or of any kind, but of its kind perfect. If it was white, it sparkled when it was broken or cut, and sweetened in any circumstances. At the same time the inferior nations—France and others—had a white beet sugar (necessity, as history told us, having been the mother of invention during the great Continental blockade) derived from indigenous roots. It was not very sweet; it had no sparkle; and it was as inferior to English sugar as all foreign things ought to be inferior to all English; but it was not unpleasant to eat, it made capital *cau sucre*, and it merited the bland indulgence which a well-bred Englishman always extends to things which (by no fault of theirs) cannot be English.

Turn that page, and come to the present, indifferently represented in all countries of Europe, where sugar bounties and the infernal scientific man have reduced all sugar to a dull uniformity. The proceeds are as unlike the pure beet of old days without the scientific man as they are like the pure cane. To begin with, there is no brown sugar. You sometimes meet somebody who says he knows a shop in the City where you can get it; but he never tells you where. It is all whity-brown or dirty drab. There is no molasses in it, no sweetness; it grits in the teeth, being definitely crystalline, instead of, as in the old case, powdery. There is no white sugar either. It is not crystalline, but conglomerate; it is not sweet, and, if you put it into hot water, a strange phenomenon appears. For the purposes of what a degenerate Scotchman (“May God assail him, therefore!” is the prayer even of the cold-blooded peck-pudding Englisher) calls “the barbaric observance of whisky toddy,” it is, or ought to be, known to all men that you dissolve the sugar in the hot water before adding the whisky. The experiment is crucial with modern sugar. In at least the vast majority of cases a dirty, cloudy solution is the result, bringing sometimes most unjust accusations on hapless servitors. As used in tea, coffee, and other opaque and deeply-coloured mixtures, this abominable characteristic of modern sugar, of course, escapes observation. But let anybody try his sugar in the colourless solution, and if he does not see a soapy cloud diffuse itself he is a lucky man. The scientific person whose aid has been called in to screw the last gramme of sugar, or so-called sugar, over the legal amount out of the harmless beet, so as to secure profit, best knows what obscene means he takes to secure this obscene result. We only know the fact, and the further fact that of sugar-taste in modern sugar there is about as much, let us say, of as whisky-taste in raw grain whisky or cheese-taste in American cheese.

Now let us talk of figs. Here, again, we are quite free from a personal prejudice. The figs of auld lang syne might be venal at the nearest stall without our troubling the stall-keeper; we do not know that a sovereign, or a Jubilee five-pound piece, per fig would induce us to consume the thing at its very best. But the difference here, though less noted (for the consumers of that which is, or is not, sold “in the name of the Prophet” are rarely critical), is as great as in the other case. Years ago figs were of two kinds; now they are practically of one. There was the large, carefully dried, square or flattened sort, the skin of which was tender and candied, and the flesh (except that it was more solid) not very different from that of a well-ripened hot-house fig unprepared. There were also the small thick-skinned fruits, which children did not exactly mind eating. The last class has been a little improved, and is obtainable at any price that any one likes to give. The first class has disappeared altogether. Personally, as we have said, we do not care; only very wonderful people, with exceptional constitutions, care for any of these things when they have come to forty year. But it is disagreeable to think that quality in anything should cease to be a subject of consideration. If there must be Mr. Gladstones, we should, for our part, prefer a

Mr. Gladstone Gladstonically perfect at Doppingers and other weapons, to a maimed and stunted Mr. Gladstone with scruples of conscience, and a floating idea that he might possibly be sometimes in the wrong.

Passions. The decadence of the sardine who shall fitly sing? It may possibly still be good enough for schoolboys—a blessed dispensation of Providence has made this age, in at least most instances, without taste, as without pity. But how is it changed, not from the sardine which we remember as schoolboys—that would be introducing an entirely illegitimate and uncritical standard of comparison—but from the sardine of a very few years ago, when certainly we had put off schoolboyish things. Some say that the capricious fish has forsaken the shores of Brittany, and has had to be replaced; others, that a new and unsatisfactory style of bait has been introduced; others (and we hold with them) that lower prices have made the manufacturers less careful in preparation, and that worse oil, probably machine-made, greater haste in tinning, and so forth, account for the falling off.

But in truth the particularization of such things does little good. Wherever there is an enlarged supply of anything, the production of which is not purely mechanical, quality is certain to be sacrificed to quantity. It is certain that the enormous majority of consumers do not know good things from bad, and perhaps it is unkind to wish that they did. Their state in an age of products for the million is the more gracious. But still it is rather hard on those who can distinguish—not that they should have to pay more for the good (we take it that none of them has the slightest objection to that), but that the good should become gradually unobtainable. "It is never asked for," "It does not pay us to produce," "None of our customers make any complaint," are the invariable answers when a person tormented by the thirst of perfection points out to the modern tradesman or man of business that any particular ware is, let us say, a good way off perfection, and that he would like something better. And so the dreary pessimist in the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof, looks at the fire (they haven't yet altered coals, but that is doubtless coming), and thinks of a time when all books will be sewn with wire, when all wine will be made by strictly mechanical and chemical process, when it will be impossible to get cheese more than six weeks old, when the appearance as of dirty water will be taken as a natural consequence of the solution of sugar, and when everything without exception will be cheap, plentiful, and nasty. In one very celebrated country they seem to have reached something like that happy condition already (except the cheapness, which is perhaps not a necessary concomitant). And they say that it is the Englishman's "incurable tendency to think crookedly" which makes him dislike the idea of a similar consummation on this side the water. Well! well! at any rate those of us who are not quite chickens have had their day. We have seen when, if Mr. Dillon or Mr. T. P. O'Connor had ventured into Oxford, he would hardly have left it, we do not say untarred and unfathered, but without equally distinct and less barbarous marks of disapproval. We have seen when the phylloxera was not. We have eaten sugar that was made of the authentic cane. Let us be grateful for mercies received.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

THE various solemnities connected with the Jubilee of Leo XIII. will no doubt continue for many weeks, but the central act of the celebration—corresponding to the Queen's appearance in Westminster Abbey on June 21, 1837—took place on Sunday last, being New Year's Day. On that occasion his Holiness, surrounded by all the splendours of the Papal Court, celebrated the first Pontifical Mass witnessed in St. Peter's since the beginning of "the Captivity," using on the occasion the magnificent golden ewer and basin presented by Her Majesty for the *Lavabo*. It appears indeed from the description in the newspapers to have been a Low Mass only. But that was probably in order to save fatigue to the venerable personage who had to take the principal part in the ceremony; and if his Holiness is correctly reported to have twice fainted, while robing for Mass, the precaution was evidently not uncalled for. But in all other respects the ceremony lacked nothing of the traditional grandeur of Pontifical functions at St. Peter's. It was solemnized in presence of 48 Cardinals—three-fourths of the existing Sacred College—238 Archbishops and Bishops, and a congregation of over 30,000 persons, who broke into loud applause as his Holiness was borne into church on the *sedes gestatoria*, with the ostrich feathers, and the thrilling accompaniment of the silver trumpets in the dome to the *Tu es Petrus*, the matchless Sistine choir being reinforced by 600 boys' voices in the galleries of the dome, and the vast assemblage joining in the alternate verses of the final *Te Deum*. He received the homage of his Court according to the prescribed usage, and gave the solemn benediction *urbi et orbi*, though from the interior instead of the external balcony, wearing the triple tiara presented for his Jubilee by the Emperor of Germany. The spectacle is reported by those who witnessed it to have "baffled all description." And it was impressive not only for the scenic effect, which always made the triennial celebration of the Papal Mass at St. Peter's under the old régime an imposing sight even to those who felt little appreciation of its strictly religious significance, but because it symbolized and represented

something beyond itself. Pius IX. also kept the jubilee both of his priesthood and his episcopate, but no great interest was excited by either, except from what may be termed the Cook's Tourist point of view, among any but zealous Roman Catholics. The Jubilee of Leo XIII. has evoked a genuine, and for many reasons a gratifying, expression of sympathy not only from his own religious disciples but from the outside world generally. He has received messages and tokens of regard from Protestant as well as Catholic Sovereigns, including our own Queen, and even from Eastern potentates who do not profess any form of Christianity at all. And Queen Victoria struck the true keynote of that universal sentiment of sympathy and regard when she instructed her envoy to assure his Holiness that she not only desired to acknowledge his courtesy and good will towards herself as shown by the mission of Mgr. Ruffo Scilla on occasion of her own Jubilee, "but also to give expression to her feeling of deep respect for the elevated character and Christian wisdom which you have displayed in your high position. The temperate sagacity," the envoy was directed to add, "with which your Holiness has corrected errors and assuaged differences from which much evil might otherwise have arisen inspires Her Majesty with the earnest hope that life and health may long be granted to you, and that your beneficent action may be long continued." No words could indicate with greater felicity what has been the growing and general conviction among "men of good will," as well within as without the Roman pale, who have watched with interest the policy steadily pursued, under very serious difficulties—not the least of them arising *ab intra*—by Leo XIII. during the nearly completed ten years of his pontificate. It is the prevalence throughout Christian society of the feeling for which Her Majesty has found such apt and timely expression that gave to this his first celebration of Mass in St. Peter's much more than a merely formal or ceremonial significance.

So far there is real ground for satisfaction in which Catholics and Protestants may alike heartily unite. But unfortunately, as so often happens, there is here too "a little rift within the lute," and it even seems not improbable, though all sensible people will trust that the risk may yet be averted, that this general festival of reconciliation may give birth to an angry recrudescence of the standing quarrel between the Papal and Italian Courts. Of religious bitterness there has been, so far as we are aware, no sign anywhere. For the first time since the ill-starred mission of James II. the English Sovereign has accredited an envoy to the Pope, and no murmur of disapproval has issued from England, which less than forty years ago was convulsed by a frantic and unreasoning paroxysm of anti-papal hatred and alarm. But in Italy which, in spite of all assurances of friends or foes to the contrary, is still at heart a Catholic nation, there are ominous signs of a revival of political strife against the Papacy. And this time, we are bound to say, so far as an outsider may presume to judge, the fault does not lie mainly on the papal side. On Christmas Eve the Duke of Torlonia, as Mayor of Rome, paid a formal visit to the Cardinal Vicar, and requested him, on the part of the Municipality, to convey to his Holiness the congratulations of the city on his Jubilee. For this act of courtesy he has been summarily dismissed from his office by the Government, and it is said that the Municipality is to be dissolved and the city of Rome governed henceforth by a Royal Commission. To English apprehension this procedure does certainly look passing strange in every way. Even supposing the Mayor's act to be an unwise one, his dismissal would according to our notions be an arbitrary and illegal method of correction. It is much as though the Lord Mayor of Dublin had been—not imprisoned by a judicial sentence for a legal offence, which is quite another matter, but—dismissed by Government and the Corporation dissolved, because he had entertained Mr. Parnell at a public dinner. But moreover, considering that the celebration of the Pope's sacerdotal Jubilee has no relation direct or indirect, except such as may be deliberately read into it on either side, with the pending dispute between the Vatican and the Quirinal, it certainly appears at first sight perfectly natural that the Roman Municipality, which is an elective body returned in great measure by Catholic votes, should seize the opportunity of offering its religious homage to the Holy Father, who neither could nor would have attached any ulterior meaning to a graceful exhibition of dutiful and courteous respect. We are not surprised to learn that "many even of the Liberal organs consider the act of the Government as erring on the side of harshness." Be that as it may, there can be no doubt at all that in censuring and punishing the Mayor for what he has done the Italian Government are directly playing into the hands—we do not say of the Pope, for we can readily believe that, no one views the incident with more genuine regret on all accounts than his Holiness—but of the irreconcilables who stand behind the papal throne, and by whose persistent and meddlesome opposition the "beneficent action" of Leo XIII. has been constantly thwarted and curtailed. One of their organs is already reported to have avowed the characteristic wish that some such imprudence might be perpetrated every week. It supplies them with a specious text, which they are quite sure to make the most of, for expounding the impracticability of any *modus vivendi*, and enables them to argue with much plausibility that the King's Government has itself gone out of its way to demonstrate the hollowness of the Law of Guarantees, and to show how impossible it is for Pope and King to dwell side by side in peace in the same city. And what makes the action of the Government the more inexplicable is that the King of Italy had only about a month before publicly referred in a tone of respectful

sympathy to the approaching Jubilee. The Duke of Torlonia might not unreasonably have thought he was acting in the spirit if not with the express sanction of his Sovereign.

That Leo XIII. himself will suffer his mind, or—so far as his hand is not forced—his policy to be permanently affected by this untoward occurrence we do not believe. A good deal of nonsense has been talked about his reply last Tuesday to a deputation of Italian pilgrims, including some hundred bishops, when however he simply repeated what he has often said before, and what any Pope as matter of course would say, that the real interests of Italy and the Papacy are identical, and that the latter, as representing the Church, which is “a divine and universal institution,” must be independent of all secular authority. So much no Roman Catholic would dream of disputing. Even in the extreme version of the words imputed to him by the *plusquam-ultramontane Unvers*—which must of course be accepted with great reserve—he is only made to speak of the Papacy being “restored to the true condition of sovereignty and independence which are in every way due to it.” That again need mean no more than what every Catholic would admit, and is a very long way indeed short of formulating a claim for the restoration of the Temporal Power in any shape, to say nothing of a restoration of the *status quo*. That however is precisely what is demanded in no uncertain tones by many of the most ardent *papalini*, who will make what capital they can out of this infelicitous confirmation of their favourite plea. To take but one example. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, is one, not certainly of the ablest but, from family connexions and from his having been under the last pontificate a *persona grata* at the Vatican, of the most prominent of the English Roman Catholic bishops. He contributes a paper on this subject to the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* which is a curious mixture of feebleness and force, the force being expended on establishing the truism that the Papacy ought to be independent in its spiritual capacity of the civil power, while nothing can be feebler or more unhistorical than his attempt to show that this independence can only be secured by the possession of a civil principedom. His palmary argument is an appeal to the familiar story of Pius VII. and Napoleon, whose scheme he boldly asserts “has been accomplished under a King of Italy. The Law of Guarantees of 1871 has thrown into legal form the plan sketched out in 1810.” The merest tyro in history must know that no two things could well be more unlike. Napoleon’s “plan,” as he frankly explained it afterwards to O’Meara at St. Helena, was “to take away the Pope’s temporal power, make him my almoner, and make Paris the capital of the Christian world.” He said at the time, and said repeatedly, that “the Pope can never have so much power as my policy leads me to desire for him.” And his idea was exemplified in the high-handed and unprecedented stretch of arbitrary despotism which he forced on Pius VII. in causing him by a stroke of the pen to abolish and reconstitute the whole French hierarchy. Napoleon’s ideal in short was to revive in his own person the old Roman Empire with the Pope for his head chaplain, whose autocratic and infallible authority, guided by imperial inspiration, was to become his cat paw for commanding the moral as well as the civil allegiance of a subject world. God, in the person of His vicar, was to be always and visibly enlisted on the side of the heavy battalions. Such a position no Pope who respected himself or his office could for a moment think of accepting. But it will be time to urge the analogy in connexion with the present Italian complications when King Humbert betrays any design of aspiring to a cosmopolitan dominion, with the Pope for his spiritual mount-piece. For the present it is sufficient to remark, if so vast an influence for good, far beyond that of any of his predecessors for many years past, has already been exerted by Leo XIII., in great measure through the skilful use of his diplomatic intercourse with different European States, that only serves, *valent quantum*, to prove that the highest aims of the Papacy can be at least as effectually realized without as with the aid of the Temporal Power.

WIRE.

MEN who have hunted much and ridden hard are acquainted with many premonitors of a fall. There is the heavy, unyielding rap on stiff timber; there is the loud crash and splintering of rotten timber; there is the sudden disturbance of the equilibrium, when a horse strikes a high fence as he is in the air; there is the quiver in the quarters when he has not quite cleared the ditch on the further side; there is the sliding, sideways motion, when his legs slip, and the scrambling stumble when he “pecks” on landing. Every one of these sensations may be the precursor of a spill. But there is yet another prelude to a fall, which is far more dangerous than any of these. It is noiseless; at first it seems but a slight hindrance—nay, it appears to yield. And then—But we will not enter into the horrors that follow a fall from wire. It will be sufficient to say that if the victim gets off with broken bones he is very lucky; if he gets locomotor ataxy, it might be worse; and if he is killed, no one can be astonished.

There are four ways in which wire may be used in fences. The first consists in running it through a weak hedge. This is by far the most dangerous method of all, for when riding fast at a fence a man cannot see it. If his horse clears the fence, well and good, but if he should brush through it, the chances are that he will get one of the worst of falls. A clever, cunning old hunter is very

likely to get caught in a trap of this kind. A second way of using wire is to fill up gaps with it. A sharp-eyed man can generally see it then, but to short-sighted people this is very dangerous, nor are those endowed with the best of visions much safer, when on a pulling or rushing horse, who makes for a wire-stopped gap. A third arrangement is to place a row of posts, with a wire on their tops, alongside of a growing fence, in order to keep cattle from eating it or breaking it down. Sometimes this wire can scarcely be seen from the opposite side, or only when it would be too late to pull up an impetuous horse. It is needless to point out that this is excessively dangerous. The fourth plan is wire-fencing, pure and simple. There is no particular danger in this, as any one can see it. The only objection to it is that it spoils sport. You may get the best of starts, and yet lose a run by one long wire fence crossing the line of the hounds.

We can see no possible excuse for the first-mentioned system. The insidious and possibly fatal wire concealed in a fence is, in reality, more dangerous than the old mantraps and shot-loaded spring-guns, now forbidden by law. Whatever may be the illegalities of riding over other people’s land after hounds, it seems hard that the lives of poachers, orchard-robbers, and burglars should be protected, while those of foxhunters are not. Whether the second and third methods of using wire in fences ought to be made illegal may be somewhat more open to question. As to the fourth, it would simply put a stop to hunting altogether if it were to come into general use, which seems a far from impossible contingency. Here, however, there can be no excuse for suggesting legislative interference. On the contrary, we are constrained to admit that in these days of agricultural depression it is difficult to blame farmers for wishing to use a kind of fencing which some of them, rightly or wrongly, consider ninety per cent. cheaper than wood. Nor is this all. Hunting-men, and even masters of hounds, very often, if not generally, use wire fences (or iron hurdles which are just as bad) in their parks and home enclosures; to run near a country-house or large park throws out hard-riding men more than anything, except a railway or a river, for this very reason; yet the owners of these wire-girt demesnes are generally the very first people to abuse the unlucky farmer who ventures to divide any of his inclosures with a wire fence, or to substitute one for an untidy straggling hedge and ditch which demanded everlasting labour and wasted many yards of valuable land.

We now come to another kind of wire, which may be used for either of the four purposes already enumerated—we mean barbed wire. It is difficult to write, or even to think, of this sort of wire with patience. As to its inventor or the place of its invention we never have had much doubt. We do not for one moment dispute its effectiveness. No cattle or horses will willingly approach it twice. It is exceedingly cheap, handy, and portable. It serves equally well when slackedly hung by a common farm-labourer as when tightly fastened by a blacksmith. Like many other things which are attributed to the same origin, it is admirably adapted to its object. Nor are we at all certain that a horseman would be more likely to break his neck if his horse were to catch his leg in a barbed wire than in an ordinary wire of equal strength. On the other hand, the injuries which it inflicts upon horses as well as hounds are simply ghastly. There is no other word for it. Whether this cruel contrivance deserves the attention of the Legislature is a question on which we do not wish to express an opinion at present; but there can be no doubt that things far less dangerous are forbidden by law. Its accompanying perils are by no means exclusively confined to sportsmen. A trouser-clad vulpicide himself might under conceivable circumstances find it injurious, poor children may be terribly hurt by it, and even the economical farmer who uses it is not unlikely to find one of his colts or cattle minus an eye. That, however, is his concern.

Never, within the memory of foxhunters, has wire been so prevalent as in the present season. In the very best of the grass countries it has sprung up in all directions. Early in the season Lord Cholmondeley’s request to his tenants to take up every piece of wire-fencing upon lands in their occupation, and “to do this at once,” attracted considerable attention among agriculturists, and was the cause of some breaches of the Ninth Commandment among Radical journalists. As he offered to supply the place of the wire with posts and rails at his own expense, his tenants had not much cause for grumbling. In the opinion of some hunting-men, the provision by landlords of timber as a substitute for wire is the best means of checking the practice of wire-fencing. At a hunt meeting held lately at Atherstone, it was unanimously resolved that landowners should be requested to offer wood for this purpose to their tenants. Direct appeal to the farmers by members of a Hunt has already answered very well in some cases this season. Funds have been raised in certain countries for defraying all expenses of taking away the “summer wire,” and replacing it in the spring; districts have been mapped out, and volunteer agents have been appointed to apply to the farmers for leave, and to see the work carried out. This is, unquestionably, a step in the right direction. Nevertheless, with regard to foxhunting and wire, the future looks decidedly gloomy.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE rates of interest and discount continue to fall, and the expectation is general that money will be both cheap and abundant for a considerable time to come, so much so that a reduction of the Bank rate of discount on Thursday was commonly

looked for. The Directors, however, properly decided to make no change. Money market expectations are peculiarly liable to disappointment at the present time, when the stock of gold held by the Bank of England is dangerously low. The Bank holds less than 20 millions of the metal, which is considerably under the amount held by the Imperial Bank of Germany and the Imperial Bank of Russia; is less than half what is held by the Bank of France, and is not much more than a third of what is held by the United States Treasury. Our readers will recollect that the Bank of England holds the ultimate banking reserve of the whole United Kingdom, and that the reserve depends upon the stock of gold in the vaults of the Bank. When the gold diminishes, the reserve itself must diminish. While the Imperial Bank of Germany is increasing its stock of gold at every favourable opportunity, the Bank of England has either been doing nothing to replenish its stock or has been allowing it to grow smaller. At first sight it appears scarcely intelligible that the Directors of the Bank of England should so act. The explanation, however, is not far to seek. The Bank of England is not a State bank, as the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany are. It is not even a Government bank, except in the sense that it acts as the banker of the Government. It is a private trading Company, and its Directors regard as their first duty the promotion of the interests of their shareholders. To keep a large stock of gold always is a costly enterprise, and the cost of course falls upon the shareholders. There is a strong inducement, therefore, to allow the stock of gold to run low; and in ordinary times the Directors—or at least some of them—not only yield to the inducement, but contend that they have no obligations towards the public, that they are simply the trustees of the shareholders, and bound to consider their interests alone. When very critical times arise, however, they never venture to act upon this contention. They always recognize then, not only that they have a duty towards the public, but that in self-preservation they must fulfil the duty. Of recent years, however, the Directors seem certainly to have allowed their stock of gold to run too low. The matter is the more serious because the times are peculiarly dangerous. If a great European war should break out such as the Bourses of the Continent are and have been apprehensive of for the past twelve months, it is certain that every money market in Europe would be more or less affected. It is quite possible that there might be a financial crisis in the principal cities, and that a serious drain of gold from the Bank of England might set in. The Bank could not part with much of the small stock of the metal it now holds. It would be obliged, therefore, to adopt decisive measures to protect itself, and in so doing it would disturb the whole trade of the country. Even a much lighter matter than the outbreak of a great European war would compel the Bank to adopt measures which would put out the calculations of the whole commercial community. Should fears of a financial crisis in the United States revive, a drain of gold from this country to New York might begin and assume very large proportions, and such a drain the Directors of the Bank would be compelled to prevent, at whatever cost. Even the revival of trade itself, by increasing the coin circulation of the country, will withdraw gold from the Bank, and may compel the Directors to take measures which will have a depressing effect upon trade, unless in the meantime they can materially replenish their stock of gold.

Just at present the Directors are not in a position to act effectually upon the money market. They might have done so advantageously some months ago; but in January they lose all command of the market, the payment of the interest upon the National Debt transferring so large a sum of money from the Bank to the outside market that the latter becomes for a while quite independent of the Bank, and thus the latter can only follow where at other times it leads. But in February it will begin to recover control of the market. In the last quarter of the financial year by far the largest proportion of the revenue is collected. The result is that unusually large sums are taken out of the market, and placed to the credit of the Government in the Bank of England. The outside market thus is poorly supplied with loanable capital, and is compelled to follow more obediently than at other periods of the year the lead of the Bank of England. In view of this the Directors have acted wisely in not lowering their rate, and their object should now be to obtain as complete a control of the outside market as is possible in the early part of February. In the latter half of March the expenditure of the Government becomes so great that the sums paid out of the Bank of England nearly equal, and sometimes exceed, the sums paid into the credit of the Government. Consequently, the Bank begins to lose control of the outside market early in March. There are only about six weeks, therefore, in which the Bank can act effectually upon the outside market; and the Directors should not only bear this in mind, but should so shape their policy that they may be able to raise the value of money in the outside market to the official Bank level, and thus attract gold to this country. Usually the value of money upon the Continent and in the United States is lower in the early part of the year than towards the end; while the fact that so large a proportion of our own revenue is collected in the January-March quarter tends artificially to raise the value of money in London. The result is to make the rates of interest and discount somewhat higher usually in London than abroad, and, therefore, to make it possible for the Bank of England to attract gold to itself. In order to do this, however, it is necessary that the Directors should frame a policy, and should consistently carry it out. It

is, of course, possible that this year a fear of war may artificially raise the value of money upon the Continent. As yet it is quite true that the fear of war has not had much influence upon the money market anywhere, and as it is probable that some of the great Continental Governments will require to borrow, the likelihood seems to be that everything will be done to keep the money market quiet. Assuming that no war scare arises and that the borrowing Governments adopt the precautions to which we are accustomed when borrowing is going on, the money markets of the Continent may be expected to be easy for the next two or three months, and thus the opportunity of the Bank of England will be created. In the United States, again, there seems no danger of a sudden rise in the value of money. Were the fears of a financial crisis to revive the whole complexion of the American money market would rapidly change; but at present such a revival does not seem probable. It is generally expected that Congress will adopt some measure to not only lessen the accumulation of unemployed money in the Treasury, but to prevent the accumulation in the future. If it does so, the measure will undoubtedly reassure the American public, and therefore restore ease to the American money market. There would in that case be no danger of a serious drain of gold from London to New York, disturbing all calculations, and the Bank of England in consequence would be free to frame a policy with the intention of attracting gold and to carry out that policy consistently.

The immediate cause of the unexpected cheapness and abundance of money is the paralysis of speculation due to the apprehensions of war. Trade unquestionably is improving, and the tendency of a trade improvement is to withdraw gold from the Bank of England, for an improvement in trade implies the more general employment of the working classes; consequently larger wages bills on the part of employers generally, and therefore more coin to pay those bills. Goods in larger quantities are also moved over the country, and the payment for goods, for wages, and for moving goods tends to expand the coin circulation. A withdrawal of gold from London naturally tends to decrease the reserve of the Bank of England, and therefore to raise the rates of interest and discount in the short loan market. But the improvement in trade has not proceeded far enough to act in this manner upon the short loan market in London as yet. In the year upon which we have now entered it may be expected to do so, unless the outbreak of a great war or continual war scares should check the improvement; but some considerable time will have to elapse before the expansion of the coin circulation will reach the point at which the London money market will be affected. In the meantime the fear of war has kept in check speculation both in the stock markets and to a large extent also in commodities. The slackness of speculation decreases the usual demand for loans from the banks, and therefore tends to lower the rate of interest. The anxieties upon the Continent, too, tend to transfer capital from the Continent to this country. In the early part of last year there were undoubtedly large sums transferred from France to London for safe keeping; and, although just now the transference is not as great as it was then, there is little doubt that many quiet investors in the countries likely to become the theatre of war are anticipating eventualities. They may not perhaps believe that war is about to break out; but, since rumours of wars are continually recurring, they think it as well to be secure against accidents. Beyond this, it is to be recollected that the Continental banks generally like to hold large amounts of bills upon London—sterling bills, as they are called. Such bills are payable in gold, and therefore give the holders command of gold if it should be required. The Continental banks are always, therefore, active competitors in the London bill market, and the employment of Continental money in this way tends artificially to depress the rates of discount in the London short loan market. Over and above all this, the revival of confidence in the American money market has sent down rates in the London market. As long as fears were entertained in the United States of a financial crisis through the accumulation of money in the Treasury, apprehensions existed here of a drain of gold to the United States, and consequently the value of money here was artificially raised. Since the fears of a crisis have died out in the United States, and the rates of interest and discount there declined, there has been a very marked decline in London. And as it seems probable that the American money market will now continue easy for several months to come, the tendency to lower rates is becoming more and more marked in London. But, as we have pointed out above, the appearance of the London money market is exceedingly deceptive. The condition of the market depends upon the reserve of the Bank of England, and that is regulated by the amount of gold held by the Bank. At any moment that amount may be materially decreased by a demand either for the Continent or for the United States, and, therefore, the future of the market depends mainly upon the course of politics upon the Continent.

THE ACADEMY AND GROSVENOR EXHIBITIONS.

AT the Academy this year we see but little of an art that was planned by the old masters as a fitting accompaniment to scenes of courtly pomp and magnificence. We have little sympathy nowadays for decorative work that harmonized with gold and rich hangings, polished floors, carving, and stately columns.

We not only cannot do that sort of thing, but find it difficult enough to keep in mind that a picture should at least be suitable to some sort of house, and should look at home in some sort of surroundings. The Academy, however, is pretty well off in more intimate kind of work—work to sit beside, to live with comfortably, and to take in unconsciously at meals and at various odd hours. We will dispose first of the noble and palatial—an easy enough task. The "Apotheosis of the Duke of Buckingham" (148), a joint work of Rubens and Jordaens, though distinctly an example of the style, has little or no beauty about it, except in the figure of Fame. A shockingly jaundiced man and a woman the colour of a shaved pig wallow in the left corner; the sea and sky are of vicious tint, and the handling in many places, such as the horse's legs, is common and mechanical. A fine Titian, "Europa" (134), as regards colour and general aspect, would make an admirable design for a piece of sumptuous tapestry; but the workmanship is far too free and suggestive. There is, indeed, something quite impressionistic about the romantic coast-line vaguely peopled with deploring figures. Salvator Rosa's big landscape, with figures, "The Baptism in the Jordan" (126), belongs to the class of showy and palatial pictures; and we may put in the same category Sir Joshua Reynolds's large group, "The Marlborough Family" (120), and two dark and noble Van Dycks, "Philippe Le Roy" (149) and "Madame Le Roy" (147). Perhaps Murillo's "Virgin and Child" (131) should also be included. Its style is dignified, its colour warm, even, and agreeable; but if it be compared with a picture near at hand—"La Femme à l'Éventail" (132), by Velasquez—a want of force and subtlety in its modelling will easily be noticed. Velasquez's picture, a portrait, is a good one among the smaller and more intimate works, yet it has as much breadth as Murillo's specimen of the grand style, while its play of surfaces is infinitely more varied, as may be seen by comparing the gradation of light on the two foreheads. "Don Balthazar Carlos" (137), with a sky and distance silvery as a Corot, and a richly coloured small canvas, "St. Sebastian" (143), are also the work of Velasquez. It would be impossible in any age to find a more splendid piece of naturalism than Ribera's "St. Jerome praying in the Desert" (140). No amount of elaboration and process could express details of texture and close realistic modelling so marvellously as this dexterous straight-off handling. Two Rembrandts are full of interest—"A Young Man" (51), bearing the date 1646, shows the careful unimpulsive style of the "Lesson in Anatomy"; "An Old Woman" (109), dated 1660, the warmer colour and miraculous workmanship of the late portraits. The first, though smooth, is neither narrow nor niggled in its carefulness, and the modelling of the mouth and cheeks is astounding. The second has been done rapidly and suggestively, with superb dexterity and freedom, and yet with masterly precision. Different as they are, both give an equally accurate and finished account of form and light, both are equally aerial, both will bear a searching study of their planes, when looked at from the right distance. Yet, while the "Young Man" affects one as the most lofty prose, "The Old Woman" has all the effect of real poetry. It is a grand example of a kind of modelling which many seek to revive at the present day. It would be well if some of them remembered that pictures like this, in spite of their fascinating aspect, would be worse than tamer ones if they did not equally well express all the underlying realities of form. This dashing cleverness only scores when it goes further than any amount of cool deliberate labour. "A Dutch Gentleman" (146) is a bolder, broader, and more solid Frank Hals than the somewhat facile and shallow "Laughing Cavalier" (75). "Thomas Wyck" (61) and his Wife (65), by J. Verprouck, both of them cold and slaty in colour but full of gesture and expression; "A Dutch Lady" (72), a good Ferdinand Bol; a romantic portrait of "A Sculptor" (119), by Dobson; "Dr. Ash" (39), a Reynolds with splendidly painted accessories; and "W. Esdaile, Esq." (6), a well-preserved Wilkie, in which the bitumen still seems fresh, are the most notable of the portraits. Many excellent Dutch figure pictures by P. de Hooghe, N. Maes, D. Teniers, A. Van Ostade, and Jan Steen, will be found in the second room. "A Music Party" (53), by P. de Hooghe, is the largest, perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most charming in colour. We have not many landscapes by the Old Masters to speak of, but one or two are of the highest order. Few Claudes, if any, surpass "An Enchanted Castle" (138) or "Europa" (130). The first is perhaps the better; one would never tire of looking at the ingenious architecture, the lovely sea, and the beautiful warm passage from yellow to blue in the sky. Rembrandt's "Mill" (74) is a very different matter, and much more solemn and much more modern in feeling; one seems to discern in such a work a probable source of Millet's inspiration. Other Mills by Hobbema (71) and Jacob van Ruysdael (111) are not more than ordinary specimens of these painters. In the third room hangs a bright solid Canaletto "View in Dresden" (145); near it hangs a curious little G. Poussin (144), as fresh as the day it was painted; and not far off, a somewhat sloppy sunset, "Landscape" (151), by Rubens. W. Van de Velde, A. Van der Neer, Van de Capelle, and others are represented. A most splendid array of Renaissance work in sculpture, bronzes, medals, &c. has been set up in the water-colour room. It comes chiefly from one or two private collections, and is so important as to demand a separate notice, in which it can be treated at some length.

Such a full illustration of English painting may be seen at the Grosvenor Gallery under the title of "A Century of British Art," that we will mention the few landscapes of the Academy in that

connexion. To give a list of all the good things in the Grosvenor would take too long, so we can only point to the main groups. Two great schools of landscape, the Northern and the Southern, have ever been popular in England. Many Englishmen, indeed, show the influence of both the classic and the realistic, the Flemish-Dutch and the Italian-French. Something original, however, will always be seen in the work of the best painters. Wilson, whether he got it from Titian or elsewhere, has at times a breadth that seems to forestall some of the effects of style of the French *Romantiques*. This may be seen in two noble examples in the Grosvenor, "View on the Tiber" (79) and "View of La Riccia" (175). Neither Claude nor Poussin, though his superior in so many points, could envelope ordinary things in the romantic mystery of air and shadow which enwraps the avenue of trees in the latter picture. The "View on the Tiber," a grand blaze of colour, is scarcely a classical composition, in spite of its cypresses and stone-pines. It seems to give one hand to the Italians, and hold out the other to the modern French. Turner could be just as observant and quite as broad as Constable. We have only to look at "Mouth of the Thames" (111), a splendid piece of poetical realism. His various ideal styles are also represented. "Vintage at Macon" is a dark, heavy, but noble essay in the manner of Claude; "The Wreck of the *Minotaur*" is a fine idea much, though very ingeniously, overworked. This may be seen by comparing it with the far simpler and more effective sketch for this picture (301). There are no very good examples of Thomson of Duddingstone, who, if inferior to Turner in technical ability, knew quite as well, if not better, what a picture should be. The work which represents the Norwich school is not very characteristic; it is too much in slavery to the Low Countries. Nevertheless, such examples of Crome as "The Beaters" (53), "A Cottage and Trees" (129), or "A River Scene and Boat-house" (12), even if they have not the force and breadth of some of the National Gallery Cromes, cannot fail to please if looked at merely as pictures. By taking into account "Landscape" (36) at the Academy, we shall have a specimen of Crome's really personal style of landscape. Constable, however, is the most fully represented of any landscape painter. At the Academy we have his "Brighton: Beach and Chain Pier" (48), a truly realistic study; and his "Sea Piece" (44), a little picture, not unlike Turner's "Mouth of the Thames" before mentioned. At the Grosvenor the most important out of a long list are "Hadleigh Castle" (7), "The Glebe Farm" (46), "Arundel Castle and Mill" (47), "Barge and Lock Gates" (51), "View of Dedham Vale" (161), "Salisbury Cathedral" (173), and from its size and as an example of inartistic elaboration—"Salisbury" (142). Constable's firm determination to try to paint whatever he liked may be seen in the heroic attempt to render dewy sparkles (47) on the last canvas he touched. He succeeds only in spoiling his picture, and destroying the value of the water which gushes out from the mill. The further experience and the more complete art of Corot were necessary before such an effect could be rendered artistically. "Hadleigh Castle" may be taken as an example of what Constable did achieve in the way of novelty in landscape. Here are shimmering lights, a moving sky, distance on distance really modelled, true shadows, and a natural composition. We cannot mention all the many fine landscapes which show some a classic feeling, some a Dutch feeling, some a mixed feeling. We have work by De Louthborough, Sir G. Beaumont, B. Barker, Gainsborough, De Wint, Morland, Wilkie, Copley Fielding, Collins, Ootman, Linnell, Callcott, Bonington, Stark, Vincent, and others. It seems scarcely necessary to say much about the figure-painters, their work is so well known, and nothing of really remarkable importance appears this year. We may mention Romney's refined "Lady in a Blue Dress," Gainsborough's charmingly unaffected "Miss Nancy Parsons," Lawrence's pompous "Hon. Mary Frederica Seaforth," and Reynolds's elegant group, "Mrs. Thrale and her Daughter." Portraits—Turner at Twenty-five, by himself (137); Wilkie, by himself (133); and Wilson, by himself (128)—will naturally awaken interest. Many good portraits by Hogarth hang in the place of honour at the end of the West gallery. Amongst these are "Mrs. Hogarth" (24), "Mrs. 'Peg' Woffington" (26), "Garrick as Richard III." (28), "David Garrick and his Wife" (27). England cannot be said to have shone in subject-painting, and what she has been most noted for in that direction is the anecdotic or programme picture. It is a danger of the genre that, however badly it may be painted, a picture of this sort can hardly fail to please the public if the artist has the talent of illustrating his subject. Several Hogarth's, and a really artistic modern specimen, "The Widow" (49), by Mulready, prove that the high and serious fashion in which the Dutch told their stories was an example not always thrown away upon their English followers.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT IN MONARCHY.

THE usual newspaper guesses which precede the meetings of Parliament are taking paragraph form. The first of a series of Cabinets in preparation for the coming Session will, it is said, be held next week. The habitual rumour that the Queen will open Parliament in person has been followed by the habitual con-

tradition of that rumour. It is not a matter for surprise or reproach, though it is perhaps a matter for regret, that Her Majesty should shrink from a fatiguing and, as it is regarded by some persons, an empty ceremony; and no one would think of applying to her the remark which, according to Horace Walpole, a Spanish grandee made to one of the Philips—"Your Majesty's self is but a ceremony." The Queen's part in the Government of England during the past half-century has been, and is still, very much more than ceremonial. Sir Theodore Martin's Life of the Prince Consort has disclosed how vital are the functions which the Sovereign discharges in the administration of the country, and how entirely beneficial their exercise has been during the present reign. A future generation will know this, if not more surely, yet more thoroughly and completely, than we do. But, though the Queen is very much more than a ceremony, the pageantry of Monarchy cannot wisely be neglected. The exceptional circumstances which have made her comparative seclusion natural and blameless are not likely to present themselves again. Visibility, as a shrewd thinker has observed, is an essential condition of influence in England. Lord Russell once compared the political system of this country to a glass hive in which the bees are beheld at work. Public attention is almost more concentrated on the process than on the result; and a power in the State which is not seen conspicuously engaged in affairs is apt to be slighted and ignored, and to lose something of that credit with opinion on which its authority depends. The *secretum iter et fallentis semita vite* is a path which private wisdom may pursue; but it is not open to sovereigns.

The history of the present dynasty in England teaches this lesson. If the possibility of a Jacobite restoration was not finally disposed of until the accession of George III., the fact was in some small degree due to the interest of adventure which the career of the two Pretenders roused in the public mind, and to the indifference, amounting to disaffection, with which the apathetic abstinence from the political life of England of the first and the second George, beneficial as it was in many respects, was viewed. The popularity of George III. was in a great measure owing to the fact that he was known and seen to be incessantly occupied in all the details of administration. No doubt he made many mistakes, though the mistakes were quite as much those of Parliament and of the nation as his own. But his subjects apparently held that it was better that their King should do the wrong thing than be doing nothing at all. We may remark parenthetically that the time seems to have arrived for at least a partial vindication of the conduct of George III. in the policy which has been usually deemed most hopelessly wrong-headed and even insane. Strangely enough, the avenger who has sprung from his bones has made his appearance on the other side of the Atlantic. The authors of a series of biographies of American statesmen, which are now in course of publication under the editorship of Mr. John T. Morse, and of which an interesting account is given by Mr. Goldwin Smith in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*, appear to have discovered that there is much more to be said in palliation of his conduct in the American controversy than has been hitherto acknowledged. Some of the leaders, at least, of the American revolutionary struggle were not, it would seem, the pure and unstained heroes they have been assumed to be. The political adventurer, and even the pot-house demagogue, had as much to do with the conflict—which but for them need not have been irrepressible—as the constitutional patriot. There were among them politicians who foreshadowed Mr. Parnell, as well as politicians who were the worthy associates of Washington. Be this as it may, the popularity of George III., which survived unprecedented national disasters and humiliations, may in great part be accounted for by the fact that he was not a do-nothing king; that his activity in public affairs was conspicuous. Much of the distrust with which the Prince Consort was viewed during his life arose from the circumstance that his great influence on public affairs was almost, from the necessity of the case, a secret influence, and was therefore a suspected influence. If the authority which he exercised could, in the nature of the case, have been open, it would have been recognized as legitimate and beneficial. We have only to look abroad now for proofs of the useful effect which the conspicuous participation in public affairs of the head of the State may exert on the national well-being. The affectionate devotion which the courageous acceptance of the duties of her office, and their prudent and considerate discharge, have won for the Queen Regent of Spain has revived the monarchical sentiment in that country and appeased domestic factions. The baseless rumours which have been set afloat with respect to the supersession of the Crown Prince of Germany by a Regency, in the event of the death of the Emperor, betray a general uneasiness. In Germany a sovereign who cannot lead his forces in the field or take an open part in public business and State pageantry would create a difficult, if not an impossible, situation. The Presidency and the Empire of Napoleon III. derived their strength, as Mr. Bagehot has pointed out, in a great degree from the fact that government by a conspicuous person, at least in France, is more intelligible and acceptable to the people at large than government by a miscellaneous assembly consisting, for the most part, of unconscious persons. Under the Republic the personal prominence of M. Thiers and Marshal MacMahon in society and in political affairs gave them an authority while their power lasted which proved on emergency to be wholly wanting to the self-effacing M. Grévy. *Bene qui latuit, bene viri*, may truly describe the highest wisdom of private life; but *bene qui*

latuit, bene regnavit is not a rule of conduct which a monarch or other chief of the State can safely adopt.

The time, of course, has gone by when an English Sovereign could attend the debates in the House of Lords as Queen Anne did, "sitting at first on the Throne, and afterwards, it being cold, on a bench at the fire"; or could be present, as George III. on one occasion was, at a meeting of the Cabinet. The objection which Lord George Bentinck raised in debate to the presence of Prince Albert in the gallery of the House of Commons when Sir Robert Peel introduced his Bill for the repeal of the Corn Laws, as an attempt to overawe the deliberations of the House by the shadow of the Royal authority, was absurd. The Parliamentary reports, to say nothing of the letters in which the Leader of the House of Commons until lately described, and perhaps still describes, the course and incidents of each sitting, are a substitute for the personal presence of the Sovereign in Parliament. If the Queen, like her predecessors more than a century ago, attended meetings of the Cabinet, she would waste a good deal of valuable time in what are believed to be frequently somewhat idle and purposeless gatherings for miscellaneous conversation. The fact is that, as the Cabinet superseded the Privy Council as an instrument of deliberation and business, so an inner Cabinet of three or four leading members of the Government has superseded the larger and ostensible Cabinet. The habitual communications of the Prime Minister and of the Foreign Secretary with the Sovereign keep her informed of the course of affairs in a far more direct and businesslike way than her presence in the Cabinet would do. At the same time, it is desirable that the active participation of the Queen in public affairs should be publicly symbolized. The common notion that Parliament consists of the two Houses is not an entirely harmless error. The fact that the Queen is one of the three constituents of Parliament might profitably be kept before the public eye and mind in the ceremonies of its opening and prorogation. The just suspicion of a secret influence behind the Throne which enfeebled all the earlier Administrations of George III.'s reign is only more mischievous than the suspicion that the Crown itself is declining into a secret influence. The habit, indeed, of speaking of the Crown rather than of the Queen is a symptom of the dwindling power of the Monarchy upon the imagination of the people. Even a too rigid personal seclusion is injurious. The impression which, in our own time, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone have made on the public mind was partly due to the fact that they were familiar figures in the public eye. Two men, in most respects very unlike each other, have thoroughly understood the art of keeping popular interest in them alive and constant. Lord Chatham's magnificent displays, his armies of cooks and gardeners, his coach-and-six, his footmen and retainers, were a part of that courtiership of the people which Mr. Gladstone more economically, but not less effectively, practices by means of his chips and his postcards, his handshakings and speeches at railway stations, his reading of the lessons at Hawarden, and the other devices in which he is fertile. The more recent statesman understands as well as the older one the arts of self-advertisement and self-display; and the *bon bourgeois* is as effective a part to play as the noble Roman. A sovereign who is not personally known can seldom excite the interest and exercise the influence of a statesman who is always on the public stage, and who makes his private life as public as he can. Without any unworthy concessions, which would fail of their mark, a king or queen of England may easily familiarize the people with the person as well as with the functions of royalty. To neglect this branch of the art of reigning is to remove a barrier in the way of unscrupulous demagogism working its will through Caucuses in the country and in a Caucus-chosen House of Commons.

REVIEWS.

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.*

VERY much has been written, much has been well written, about the period of English literature which by the consent of common usage is called Elizabethan, though it must in any case be taken to include the generation after Elizabeth's death, and may fairly be taken, as it is by Mr. Saintsbury, to end only with the Restoration—in other words, with the advent of Dryden. There are subjects, however, too great to be exhausted, and this is one of them. No sensible man will ever claim to have said the last word about Shakespeare or the companions and successors of Shakespeare. On the other hand, Mr. Saintsbury's book may fairly claim to fill a place which, in spite of all that has been written, has thus far stood empty. It is the first part, in order of execution, of a plan for treating the history of English letters in a series of monographs according to periods, so that every period can be treated in a comprehensive manner. Mr. Saintsbury deals not with the greater lights only, nor with the lesser lights or any particular group of them, but with the period as an inseparable whole, and this as a critic of the literature, not a mere chronicler of authors; he endeavours to show the relation of the greatest work to that which led up to it and that which followed it. We

* *A History of Elizabethan Literature.* By George Saintsbury. London: Macmillan & Co.

do not think this particular piece of work has been attempted before; we are pretty sure that it has never yet been executed with such conscientious diligence and in so judicial a temper. In this book the author's principal object is always to do justice. Not that he is without individual liking and disliking, or pretends to suppress them. If, indeed, there existed an ideal critic whose judgment were always the expression of universal reason, without right-hand excess or left-hand defect, the absolute equity of his criticism would probably make it very dull. Mr. Saintsbury does what is possible for mortals; he has opinions, tastes, or even whims of his own, but he is careful to distinguish them from those grounds and principles of literary judgment which are the common possession of scholars, and not reasonably disputable.

The self-denying caution used by Mr. Saintsbury prevents his book from being exactly an amusing one. A reader who wants the sharp seasoning of controversy or the sugared raptures which announce the disinterment of a new minor poet must go elsewhere. There is no want of savour, but, as in good French cookery, it is evenly diffused. Mr. Saintsbury will not entangle himself in the quarrels of modern editors and commentators. Where he has profited by their work he makes brief and fitting acknowledgment; he expresses next to nothing concerning their faults, and implies as little as possible. He refrains himself even from good words in all things that might lead into digression. Another piece of commendable self-denial is in the matter of extracts. Mr. Saintsbury purposely does not give specimens of the great masters whose work is or ought to be in the homes and hands of all people who read English at all. To reprint *Lycidas* or the dirge from *The Tempest* in a volume of historical criticism would be no less idle than it would have been inexcusable to omit them from *The Golden Treasury*. There is danger enough without this of critical works being used by idle or intellectually dishonest readers as substitutes for the literature itself, instead of guides and companions to it. In Mr. Saintsbury's case the danger is perhaps made as small as it can be; and in this respect even Mr. Saintsbury's besetting faults of manner will have their uses. Those faults (for they must not be overlooked) are an unrestrained propensity to use foreign terms and phrases, or forms of speech on the outermost verge of accepted English, an excessive indulgence in remote allusions, and a consequent disregard of the reader's convenience. Mr. Saintsbury is too apt, in one word, to talk to himself in print. It is a tempting practice, and on occasion may be justified and more than justified. Some of the most delightful literature in the world has been produced in that way. But it is not the appropriate way for expounding a period of literature to readers who are presumed to be of fair intelligence, but to know a good deal less than the writer, and to need things being made plain for them. Mr. Saintsbury writes not merely for scholars, nor for English scholars, but for educated readers of English books everywhere, and those who wish to become so. His constant esoteric allusions, his experiments in classicism and Gallicism, are therefore in this place mistaken both in substance and in art; and we feel bound to say so on behalf of the public, though we have ourselves enjoyed many of them. It is a kind of constantly recurring aside, addressed now to the student of Greek, now to the student of French, in short, to the imaginary reader who in one or another direction has gone as far and learnt as much as Mr. Saintsbury himself. But a Grecism like *xenomania* will be Hebrew to a good half, we should say, of the readers who ought to profit by Mr. Saintsbury's learning; and this even if we allow, with Mr. Saintsbury, that English ought to receive *xenomania* because Karl Hillebrand has made it pass in German. Again, French critical phrases like *excentricité voulue* will convey the right shade of meaning to only a small minority; and to call Ireland the El-Dorado-Purgatory of Elizabethan adventurers, if it be admissible in English at all, will do no good to young persons who are forming their style, or to their teachers. Along with these asperities of foreign bodies we find allusions so local and insular that not even English-speaking readers outside England can be expected to make anything of them. No doubt we are criticizing Mr. Saintsbury by a high standard. His learning and material competence, and the high object of his work, demand it. We should have liked to see in his book not only a sound exposition, but a model of exposition. However, the quaintness and hardness to which we take exception have, as we said, their good side. There will be very little chance for idlers or impostors of any kind to pass off Mr. Saintsbury's knowledge as their own.

It might be significant praise for some writers, it is hardly praise at all for Mr. Saintsbury, to say that in his own case the work and the knowledge are all his own. For the reader, however, it may be useful to know that he may always count on the materials being used in a workmanlike manner. Mr. Saintsbury has two great qualities of sound criticism; he gives the means of verifying everything, and he does not dogmatize. His deliberate passing over of certain kinds of details as unverifiable, or for the purpose in hand not worth verification, is in our eyes another merit. We do not always agree with his particular opinions; it would be strange if any two readers who read for themselves did agree in all points of so large a field. We are inclined to think that Mr. Saintsbury does not give quite enough weight to what he has himself aptly called sustained excellence on a certain level. It is true that a man of letters is entitled to be judged by his best work; otherwise it would go hard not only with many of the second, but with some of the first rank. Wordsworth and Victor Hugo are obvious examples in their widely different ways. But this does not mean that one or two

brilliant hits or accidents are to be used to force up our estimate of the inferior mass out of which they came. It is enough that these live. Yet Mr. Saintsbury himself has once and again justly pointed out that the occurrence of such unexpected felicities in our Elizabethan literature, sometimes in authors generally incapable of them, or, at any rate, capable of things strangely worse, sometimes not even claimed by any certain authors, is fit to be borne in mind mainly as showing the vigour and fertility of the age as a whole. Our precise estimate of Carew or Wither must be to a great extent an affair of individual taste. We could have borne with less of Carew's doubtful raptures and more of Wither's unconscious humours, such as are exhibited in his special hymns for the use of divers sorts and conditions of men. There is a delightful boldness in offering a hymn to tailors, weavers, and millers, with the remark that "most men of these trades are either greatly slandered or very guilty of deceit and falsehood." But whether Mr. Saintsbury does or does not make something too much of Carew and something too little of Wither is not very material. He puts the reader in the way to form a rational judgment of his own.

When we come to distinguish the merits of Mr. Saintsbury's work in different regions, we think, on the whole, that he is at his best among the lyrical poets, and least sure-handed in dealing with prose. It is in prose that we find the two surprising omissions of the book. One is the omission to mention in any way Raleigh's splendid pamphlet on the *Last Fight of the "Revenge"*, which is fairly well known by Mr. Arber's reprint and through Lord Tennyson's ballad, but is hardly so familiar that knowledge of it can be taken for granted in a book of this kind. The other is that Mr. Saintsbury has nothing to say of Shakespeare's prose. We are aware that it has lately been proved to be verse in disguise; but we continue to believe that the prose passages of Shakespeare are very admirable prose, and not less individual in their universality of manner than his verse. It would be interesting to consider why they had not more influence in their own age on English prose writing in general; and we looked for this from Mr. Saintsbury's hand. As to Mr. Saintsbury's treatment of Shakespeare in general, he spurns, like a true scholar, the rubbish-heaps painfully piled up by the folk named of Mr. Swinburne finger-counters and figure-casters. At the same time he sweeps with too masterful a broom, for his words leave it open to be supposed that he thinks it futile to pay the same kind of critical attention to Shakespeare that is paid to the Greek and Latin classics. Now it seems to us that either the scholarship of three centuries has been wasting itself on things not worth doing in Greek and Latin (which, we conceive, is not Mr. Saintsbury's mind), or the reverent criticism, textual and illustrative, of Shakespeare is justified on exactly the same grounds as the reverent criticism of Æschylus. No doubt it is easier to write nonsense about Shakespeare than about Æschylus, and, what is more, to find some one to take it seriously. That cannot be helped. If, again, Mr. Saintsbury really thinks that there is, in fact, not much to be done, or even that the text of Shakespeare is in a quite satisfactory condition, we must definitely differ from him. We are apt to think that Shakespeare has often suffered from the worst form of corruption, the worst because the least reparable: namely, the perverse emendation of small-minded people—in this case actors, printers, or both—who alter a passage they do not understand, or else go about by hasty conjecture to repair some mechanical error of the copy in their hands. In either case the evidence of the true reading is destroyed.

There is another point not made about Shakespeare, and though in strictness it is a point of language, it is also of importance in literature. We mean the power which Shakespeare has had to preserve forms of speech that were on the point of becoming obsolete, besides enriching the language with his own inventions. The same thing may be said of the Authorized Version of the Bible; but Mr. Saintsbury, though he is more nearly enthusiastic over the Jacobean translators than over any other author or group of authors whatever, does not credit them with this; and, by neglecting the archaic or archaistic character of the Version of 1611, we think he indirectly does some injustice to the earlier versions which—with the single but important exception of the Psalter—were superseded by it. In any case, it appears from Selden's *Table Talk* that the Authorized Version was not in its own time received as an example of current English prose. It seemed archaic and violently Hebraistic. The triumph of the translators was a greater matter than simply writing the best English of their time; they developed a new style which, by its combined power and opportunities, imposed itself on English for all time to come. Many Scriptural expressions which are now part of our common stock were, we believe, uncouth to Bacon and to Selden. Something might be said, too, of the differences of style in the Authorized Version itself; as when we compare, for example, the Wisdom of Solomon and Ecclesiasticus with the canonical books most like them. But this would, in a general history of literature, be to consider too curiously. Neither must we stray out of bounds. It is time to withstand the many temptations of pleasant places, and part. We take leave of Mr. Saintsbury as a scholar whose work we must always respect, can with few exceptions praise, and, for our own part, do almost always relish.

NOVELS.*

IT is not without a struggle against the tenderness of old associations that *A Prince of the Blood* is considered to be something of a mistake. It is a stirring tale of adventure, and it is dominated by a persuasive tone of reality which takes the reader out of his armchair, right away from his club or his *placens avar*, and sets him down among the people of the story. The prodigality of incidents and the skillful boldness of the narrative make a sufficient answer to the inanities who declare that all the stories have been told. Murder by land and sudden death by sea, shipwrecks and hairbreadth escapes, an undiscovered island, a mutiny and an execution, a fight with savages and a rescue from sharks—these are but a few of the leading events in a tale of unflagging energy and unbroken interest. To say that a book is written by Mr. James Payn is to say that it abounds with quaint ideas and honest humor. Here, for instance, we are told of a Hindoo "whose nature was so gentle that he was ready to curry favour with anybody for an allowance of rum." Now and again the fun is Wellerish, as when an Eastern executioner who is engaged in racking his mother-in-law is said to have remarked, "Our relations are getting a little strained." On the supposed *vis medicatrix nature* Mr. Payn quotes the opinion of a doctor friend:—"There are plenty of people who will be found to tell you 'leave things to Nature,' but the simple fact is that what she's after is just this, sir—Nature wants to kill you." There is a lively scene in which Mr. Bates (second villain) is being held by Prince Tarilam (second hero) over the edge of a precipice. "Let him go, let him go!" shouted the midshipman. "Mr. Bates, when he heard that phrase, reflected with a pang on the indefiniteness of the English tongue; the Prince might very well have taken the words as an encouragement to drop him, instead of pulling him up." All the men and women in the book are "good company," especially the midshipman already mentioned, an impudent, plucky boy, who talks about "men of his own age," and a delightfully comfortable, commonplace aunt who rises with unexpected dignity to the requirements of some very embarrassing situations. The hero is an enterprising young barrister, who faces with equal adroitness the scoundrels who attack his life and the wicked uncle who refuses to bestow on him the girl of his heart. He does his love-making manfully; and against Mr. Payn's own wish, so it seems, he completely cuts the other lover out of the reader's sympathies. Like other lawyers destined to achieve professional distinction, Charles Layton does not appear to have very deeply studied subjects not likely to "come in useful," as may be seen from his retort in this dialogue:—

"If you persist in your infamous pursuit of my ward [says the Wicked Uncle], the consequences will be on your own head. I am not one to threaten in vain. When I meet an adder I avoid it if I can; but if I cannot avoid it—"

"Just so; admitting for the sake of argument that I am invertebrate," interrupted Layton scornfully, as the other hesitated, "what then?"

"Why, I set my heel on it!"

There was a contemptuous laugh, and then the cabin-door slammed; the interview between these two unflinching antagonists was over.

Hitherto Mr. Payn has been remarkably successful in his portraits of Nice Girls, and at the beginning of this book we are ready, like everybody else who knows her, to admire and adore Miss Edith Norbury. But her odious conduct forfeits the sympathy aroused by her charms and sorrows. Her lover being lost at sea, and the ship's company being cast upon an undiscovered land (the Isle of Flowers), where they are visited by a tribe of friendly and very amiable savages, she drifts into an engagement to marry the Prince Tarilam. To be sure, he is a particularly nice savage; he is brave, clever, and refined; if he had nursed an unspoken and unavailing passion, we could have sympathized very heartily with his disappointment. But it is an unhappy idea to make him the accepted lover of an English lady.

It would not be correct to call *Pine and Palm* a novel of adventure. It does describe a number of lively scenes and stirring events, but the narrative is sometimes overlaid with a heavy stratum of moralizing and sermonizing. It is a story of life in the Southern States in the good old slavery days. There are two heroes, and Mr. Moncure Conway is not quite up to driving a pair, so the story oscillates between them, sometimes in a perplexing manner. But, if they are taken one by one, the chapters are pleasant to read and some of them are cleverly written. Mr. Walter Wentworth becomes a little tiresome when he turns amateur school-teacher and shows how the thing ought to be done, and anybody would be considerably bored who read conscientiously through the description of tableaux and theatricals which were performed for the moral uplifting of the plantation niggers. These parts are best taken by a skip, and the rest of the two volumes may be recommended. Randolph Stirling and Walter Wentworth are fellow-students and bosom friends; but they quarrel at a debating club over the nigger question, and a

duel is arranged for them by their high-spirited friends. By the intervention of accident and lovely woman the encounter is averted—a result which is to be regretted, as no harm could have come of a duel in which both combatants were determined to fire into the air. But, in spite of his moral courage, Randolph Stirling is a bold and dashing young fellow. After all his perils and troubles, including a romantic marriage with a girl whom he did not love, it is only right and proper that he should be finally rewarded with the hand of a very fine and very large young lady, who had helped to rescue a fugitive negro by assuming the necessary complexion and habiliments. Of the old life on the plantations Mr. Moncure Conway has drawn an amusing and apparently a truthful picture. It is not a pleasant representation, but he shows the bright as well as the dark side. The conversational part of the book is readable. This extract gives a fair sample of its merits and faults:—

"Papa lately read me something about the ancient wager of combat, out of which duelling arose; it was supposed that in the combat God would protect the right, but was abandoned because He did not seem to attend duels regularly. But now there is a wager of wits. It depends on a trial of wits between Mr. This and Mr. That whether Mr. The-other shall be strangled or some baby's estate be devoured by a cormorant."

"One of these days we may have female lawyers, and then—"

"The legal devices will be more—more devious than ever (a pun, I'll tell Doug that). Portia used to be my goddess, but I've lived to discover that her law was as bad as the sneak she pleaded for and the fortune-hunter she married!"

"Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." That is the cry of many a needy novel-grinder; but in the art of writing a great deal about next to nothing Mr. Frank R. Stockton has achieved an unqualified success. The cleverness which is shown in *The Hundredth Man* cannot be denied.

A quotation may be allowed, because it will introduce all the more important prigs of the story. The scene is a croquet lawn:—

"Gay and Mr. Thorne will play together," said Mrs. Justin; "leaving you and me for the other side."

Stratford smiled. "That will be a most agreeable arrangement for me," said he: "but I am rather sorry for Miss Armatt and Thorne."

"That is true," said Mrs. Justin. "I remember now that Gay said she had not had a mallet in her hand since she was a little girl; and you and I are both good players."

"Thorne tells me he knows but little of the game," said Stratford. "Shall I take him on my side, and coach him?"

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Justin. "We won't divide in that way. You must take Gay, and I will play with Mr. Thorne."

The game proved to be a very long one.

And so on, and so on, almost for ever.

Miss Gay Armatt, the rich Mrs. Justin's *protégée*, is a "young girl" with intellectual aspirations. She is engaged to a Mr. Crisman, who is shown to be unworthy of her by his opinion that, when she is married, she will be too much occupied with domestic duties to go on reading for college distinctions. Mr. Stratford takes it upon himself to break off this unsuitable match, and explains to Mrs. Justin that the best method will be to induce Gay to compare the homely Crisman with his brilliant self. Mrs. Justin declares that he ought not to do anything of the kind, especially as he does not intend to marry the girl himself. He persists and succeeds in his purpose; but Miss Gay Armatt sickens of a mysterious disease:—"Her soul ceased to be hungry and her body followed the example of her soul. . . . What was left of her was a half soul, and girls like Gay with half souls die." Luckily, Thorne, though an indifferent croquet player, is able to supply the missing *dimidium animæ*; and Stratford finds that he has scorched his own wings. "Serve him right for a Marplot!" would be the verdict of an ordinary person; but Mrs. Justin calls him a hero for his pains. His intellectual measure may be taken by his theory of life:—

It had come to him in the course of his reading and thought that, in every hundred books on a kindred subject, in every hundred crimes of a similar kind, in every hundred events of a like nature, and in every hundred men who may come within one's cognizance, there is one book, crime, circumstance, or man, which stands up above and distinct from the rest, pre-eminent in the fact that no one of the others is or could have been like it.

He is now engaged in looking for *The Hundredth Man*. Mrs. Justin points out that he is himself the object of his own researches. For the credit of humanity it is to be hoped that it contains a much smaller percentage of faddlers and meddlers. In justice to Mr. Stockton's book it should be added that a slight human interest is given to it by interweaving an account of the falling and rising fortunes of a New York eating-house which has been boycotted by the discharged waiters. There is even some fun in the position of Mr. Stull, the proprietor, who sees his business going to ruin, but cannot openly interfere to save it because he would lose his position in society if it were known that his income was derived from so humble a source. This part of Mr. Stockton's book is moderately amusing; but its only connexion with "the Amours of the Prigs" is that Mr. Crisman, after being jilted by Miss Gay Armatt, consoles himself with Matilda Stull, the vulgar daughter of a vulgar father.

If Mr. Stockton does uncommonly well what is not much worth doing, the author of *Mrs. Sharpe* does it very badly. But even this tiresome book shows that the person responsible for its existence is a reader; and accordingly all the dummies who go through their performances in these pages are very gifted beings. Mrs. Sharpe is a meddlesome and mischievous, but apparently not an evil-intentioned, woman. She sets her cap at the Squire, and nearly marries him. He is a widower, devoted

* *A Prince of the Blood*. By James Payn. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

Pine and Palm. By Moncure D. Conway. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

The Hundredth Man. By Frank R. Stockton. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Mrs. Sharpe. By the Author of "Shadrach." 3 vols. London: George Bell & Sons.

An Old Man's Favour. By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

to the memory of his lost Janet, and proves his devotion by philandering with a young girl and twice proposing marriage to Mrs. Sharpe. He is the most anxious and affectionate of fathers, as he shows by going on his travels and leaving his children in the charge of a woman whom he does not trust and by carrying about unopened the letters which would inform him of their condition. He is a miserable, vacillating creature, who richly deserved to become the henpecked husband of an odious widow.

The author of *Dr. Edith Romney* has written a very pleasant and amusing novel. *An Old Man's Favour* is full of pretty love-making and pleasant conversations. The plot turns first upon sudden poverty, and afterwards on the desire for revenge, and both "motives" are worked with considerable skill and power. It would be unfair to spoil the market for an honest novel by analysing the story. It may be recommended to anybody who likes a novel which stimulates without fatiguing the imagination. Perhaps it would not quite stand Mr. Darwin's test of being read aloud, as it is spun a little too thin. Without being childishly innocent, it is absolutely pure of offence. Ida Leigh is a very nice girl; but she was evidently not suited to pushing a young ladies' school, or doing battle with importunate tradesmen; and we are very glad to see an easier path opened for her. The struggling musician, her faithful and persistent lover, is an attractive character, with all his eccentricity and impetuosity. The most powerful and the only disagreeable conception in *An Old Man's Favour* is that of Mrs. Dering, the ruined merchant's wife, who pursues her husband's enemy and her own old lover with an unrelenting hatred that does not even recoil from using the charms of her own daughter as the instrument of her revenge. Not having aimed too high, the author of *An Old Man's Favour* is to be congratulated on having hit the mark.

EPIPSYCHIDION.*

EPIPSYCHIDION is probably the most Shelleyan thing that Shelley ever wrote. It has all his music in it, all his mysticism, all his metaphors, all his Theory and Practice of Flirtation, all his beauty, a good deal of his obscurity, all his power, and all his weakness. *Epipsychidion* would thus be a capital "paper" to set before candidates for the Shelley Society. If they are sound on *Epipsychidion* they must be sound all round. The Shelley Society has published the piece separately, edited by Mr. Potts, with an introduction by Mr. Stopford Brooke, and with some remarks borrowed from Mr. Swinburne's Essays.

The influence of Societies like the Shelley and Browning Societies appears to us rather deplorable. Sometimes they set one against poetry which one heartily admires as long as no Society annexes it and puts up placards every here and there, till it is no more like what it was than Wimbledon Common is like the

isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise.

Till the present moment he who has turned away his eyes from beholding Mr. William Rossetti, who has abstained from Mr. Buxton Forman, and shunned the path of Mr. Swinburne, has been able to find in *Epipsychidion* a *paradis artificiel* more beautiful than the dreams of hashich or of opium. One vaguely knew that Miss Viviani was a real young person "kep' out of her own," and in a convent. But this circumstance did not interest one more than the precise geography of Xanadu and its chances of being annexed to the Russian Empire. One no more thought of looking for actuality or a reasoned philosophy in *Epipsychidion* than of asking how far Alph, the sacred river, is navigable. Certainly Shelley himself meant *Epipsychidion* to be read in this dreamful and uninquiring manner. His little preface about the death of the author, just as he was going to one of the wildest of the Sporades, proves this. The Sporades would not have suited Shelley at all, as any one can see who reads Mr. Theodore Bent's account of them. Even in Delos an English artist, storm-stayed for three days, would have starved if he had not shot the local pig with a revolver. "The present Poem," Shelley wrote, "is sufficiently intelligible to a certain class of readers without a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances to which it relates." Quite so; but now comes Mr. Dowden with his disenchanting light on Miss Viviani, on Mrs. Shelley, and on Shelley; and then Mr. Stopford Brooke analyses the philosophy of the piece, very sensibly, but very much with the result of breaking the magic wand and burying the magic book. Lastly, fate sends the volume to be reviewed, and all the bloom is smirched off the butterfly wings of *Epipsychidion*.

Emilia Viviani was a pretty girl, with a jealous stepmother. She was sent to a convent school, where she was not at all comfortable. Her confessor and tutor, who must have been a most amiable man, told Shelley that she was "made for love." Shelley was made for love, too, and went, and saw, and admired, and adored, and rhymed, and rode away. Apparently, if one may judge from Mr. Dowden's book, he (and still more Mrs. Shelley) began to wonder what he could have seen in the girl. This was the very most disagreeable thing in Shelley's character. It was not only that, as Thackeray says all men do, he worshipped a woman on his knees, and, when he got up, he went away. He used to blaspheme the idol as soon as he ceased to adore it. This may have been a sacrifice on the altar of Hymen, and an atone-

ment to Mrs. Shelley. But one does not want to think of such conduct when one reads *Epipsychidion*. "A matter-of-fact history of the circumstances" destroys its charm. Shelley knew this perfectly well. His editors are less acute, and now, in addition to "chatter about Harriet," we have gossip about Emily. What says the poet, goaded into verse by indignation:—

O ladies many, ladies fair,
O Mary, Harriet, and Claire,
O Jane, and Emily!
Your conduct's neither here nor there,
We do not know, we do not care
What kind of characters you were;
Or how you lived, or when, or where,
Or married folks or free!

After all that has been written what do we know, if we wanted to know, about Emilia Viviani? She must have been very pretty. Before "a portion of" Shelley "was already dead," as he told his publisher, Shelley thought her very clever. Then he mixed her up with his Ideal, and wrote a poem in which it would have been for the Court of Probate and Divorce to decide whether the Ideal or the Real was being asked to accompany him to some isle in the indiscoverable seas. Then he tired of her, and laughed at her, and she married, and led her husband "a devil of a life," as Shelley feelingly remarked.

That is the long and short of it, when once our attention is invited to a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances. Mr. Stopford Brooke does not say much about the character of Shelley's performance, so it may not be superfluous to remark that his behaviour was neither manly nor even gentlemanly. A married man should not flirt, as he did, with an inflammable schoolgirl, and say that he wished they had been twins, or that polygamy was the rule of modern life, and then turn away (when he has made "copy" out of the affair) and laugh at his victim. "I am deeply interested in her destiny," he wrote, "and the interest can in no manner influence it." Probably the "interest" influenced it very much. If Emily had the heart which was conspicuous by its absence in the poet, the remainder of her life must have been extremely unhappy. But there is no sign that Shelley ever gave the subject a thought. She was the ideal for a week or two, and she inspired an immortal poem, and then the philanthropist appears to have regarded her as a second-rate sentimental school-girl. He himself had behaved exactly as young women of that class do. Mr. Stopford Brooke compares Dante and the *Vita Nuova*. But the Florentine did not throw over Beatrice in a fortnight. To be respectable, the ideal should be permanent. Whereas of poor Emily Mr. Stopford Brooke remarks, "As Shelley warms in his effort Emilia is neglected. She has done her work." She has supplied "copy," in fact. Mr. Brooke remarks that Shelley's habit of looking for the ideal among real women left him "no peace." He had a good deal more peace, apparently, than the girls on whom he experimented. Mr. Brooke discovers that Mrs. Shelley "did not completely satisfy his heart." Whether the heart was the organ in question seems rather doubtful. He was always faithful to Mrs. Shelley, Mr. Brooke says; and again we fail to see it. It was rather Mrs. Shelley who displayed a constancy worthy of Mrs. Micawber. Mr. Stopford Brooke observes, with perfect truth, that Shelley takes us into regions of poetry where we are taken by nobody else. "And the solemn persons who do not wish to come, but stay only among the other regions of poetry, need not grudge us our charioteer, nor our course in the ether with him." We may be solemn, but we do wish to come, and we do not grudge Mr. Brooke his course in the ether. But we don't care for going in a van and in the company of the Shelley Society for a day out in the ether. And we wish that Mr. Brooke, and still more Mr. Dowden, could have taken the charioteer without inquiries into character. The charioteer himself asked as much when he published *Epipsychidion*. It was published "simply for the esoteric few," and the Shelley Society is neither few nor esoteric. Indeed, thanks to Societies, nothing is esoteric any more. We shall have essays about Emilia's stepmother, inquiring whether she really was jealous of her husband's children, and who her *cavaliere* was, and whom Biondi married after Emilia died.

Any one who has cared for Shelley's poetry, and who regrets the curious inquiries of his biographers and Societies, must feel doubly glad that Shakespeare's Sonnets remain a sealed book to literary gossips. But it would be unfair to leave an impression that Mr. Stopford Brooke's Introduction to *Epipsychidion* is all, or mainly, gossip. He seems to us rather hard-hearted about Emilia, not even bestowing the humble meed of pity granted to the sex by Guy Heavistone, who, when women were mentioned, would say, "Poor little beasts!" adding "Egad!" "In herself," Mr. Brooke writes, "she does not deserve this interest. She was intelligent, passionate, beautiful, unhappy, capable of small literature; but of this type of women there are thousands in all classes." The Census has not investigated it, but we doubt the accuracy of Mr. Brooke's statistics. Even if they are correct, even if Emilia was only a pretty Miss Buncheon, she deserves the meed of a melodious paragraph, such as Mr. Brooke could have written very nicely. He may be thought a little mixed when he says in one sentence that Mrs. Shelley II. (Mary Godwin, he calls her) was the Moon of a passage in the poem, and, in the next sentence, that "she is of the earth, and not of the ideal region." The Moon is not of the earth, earthy, and has been thought ideal enough for most purposes. In fact, Shelley all his life was crying for the Moon, and when he got it, he was not con-

* *Epipsychidion*. By P. B. Shelley. London: Reeves & Turner. 1888.

tented. But Shelley's philosophy, as expounded by Mr. Brooke, is that we love Ideal Beauty, and that alone. Human beings, women at least, we only love "that we may pass beyond them to the spirit they partially express. They are steps in a ladder by which we reach the perfect reality." *Tant pis pour l'escalier.*

If this was Shelley's case, we are solemn enough to hold that it is a mere philosophy of philandering. Nay, we are unromantic enough to prefer that foolish old chivalrous ideal of Sir Thomas Malory and Sir Lancelot, and that sinful example of Queen Guinevere, who was a true lover, and therefore she made a good end. But Shelley holds it true that we may rise on stepping-stones of our dead loves to higher things. How high he might have risen, and in whose company, but for the shipwreck of his yacht, is a question for Shelleysans rather than for the friends of poetry.

WILLIAM BARNES.*

ALTHOUGH we can by no means endorse the extravagant praise which has since his death been lavished upon Mr. Barnes, nor, with a certain Oxford oracle, claim for him among Victorian poets the highest place below Lord Tennyson, there is no question that he possessed a very original and charming talent, or that he will hold, as long as English literature exists, a niche in it that will be all his own. He was, in short, a figure of sufficient magnitude to claim the honour of biography, and we have not had long to wait for his memoir. He died little more than a year ago, and now his daughter, whose hand is by no means a 'prentice one, presents us with a volume of his sayings and doings. We are bound to say that we wish she had taken a little more time over her task, or had given the form of it a little more consideration. She has produced a pretty book, and one that will be indispensable to readers of Barnes, but she has not made an ideal biography of a poet. Very little happened to William Barnes during his long life, and, short as Mrs. Baxter's memoir is, it is too long. We hesitate to say what may seem unkind, but the fact is that she has taken up her butterfly in clumsy fingers, and has quite unwittingly rubbed a good deal of the gold-dust off his wings. We thought of the aged poet, sequestered among his apple-trees, in some flushed and misty valley of Dorsetshire. She has shown us something more like an aged pedagogue, sequestered among not altogether wisely understood books. The gift of good biography is rare, and it is not every daughter, even though she holds the pen of a ready writer, who can reach excellence at a bound. But Mrs. Baxter might have mentioned, or in reading her proofs might have noticed that she had omitted to mention, the date of her father's birth; she might have arranged her material so as to present a more coherent picture of his life; and certainly, if she printed a few of his miscellaneous letters, she might have embodied them in the work, instead of consigning them to an appendix. But it is vain to sigh over the might-have-been, so we will be thankful for what Mrs. Baxter has given us, and appreciate her good intentions.

William Barnes was born in 1801 in the very heart of the county he was to immortalize, in a hamlet by the "clotey Stour," in the beautiful Vale of Blackmore. As early as 1820—that is to say, in the lifetime of Shelley and Keats—he had published verses, and Mrs. Baxter tells us of a volume of verse, *Orra: a Lapland Tale*, published in Dorchester in 1822. What she does not appear to mention is that Barnes was at least as early as this spelling out for himself in the Greek the Pastoral poets; and that it was in emulation of Theocritus and Bion, and of no more modern master, that he was already sketching the earliest of his Dorset poems, the Eclogues. It is interesting to learn, as a fresh example of the activity of his mind, that Barnes was anxious to become an engraver, and that *Orra* was illustrated with tailpieces cut on wood by the poet himself. But who among the living has ever seen *Orra*? Mrs. Baxter confesses that she has searched for it in vain. The Dorset poems proper first struggled to light in the poet's corner of the *Dorset County Chronicle*. They were collected in a little volume, now very rare, published in Dorchester in 1844, and it is amusing to learn that they were at first attributed to Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne. We learn that the members of the Sheridan family were among the first to be captivated by their idyllic charm, and that, in particular, it was the generous and beautiful Caroline Norton who first urged them upon the attention of literary London. Barnes, who touched all the arts, had set some of Mrs. Norton's lyrics to music; and when, in 1844, he made what was (or appears to have been, for Mrs. Baxter is very inexact) his first trip outside his native county, the poetess showed him some of the lions of the capital. The Dorset poems awakened some curiosity; and the critics, in the priggish manner of that age, extolled them as likely to assist the poor to "appreciate more fully the blessings they enjoy as class members of the Church and State." On no one, not even upon Mrs. Norton, does it seem to have dawned that such lyrics as "The Clote" and "The Meid a-mow'd" possessed an artistic excellence which, in 1844, they shared with no work of any living poet, save that of Mr. Tennyson, since in those days Mr. Matthew Arnold was still an undergraduate at Balliol and Mr. Rossetti meekly trudging to and from a day-school.

* *The Life of William Barnes, Poet and Philologist.* By his Daughter, Lucy Baxter ("Lender Scott"). London: Macmillan & Co.

It is rather a doubtful question whether Mrs. Baxter has done right or wrong in dwelling at such great length as she has done on her father's philological attempts. No doubt she will be blamed for this, and we confess that what she says on this subject does not add to the attractiveness of her book. But we do not feel inclined to blame her. We do not know how she could have acted otherwise. It is notorious, as she says, that Mr. Barnes's "most earnest studies and greatest aims were in philology," and it is evident that he died without ever suspecting that he was but an amateur in the science of language. To those who see clearly that he was noteworthy because, and solely because, he was a poet, if not of high, yet of special, rank, the other occupations of his mind will not prove irritating, but amusing and interesting. His character was pure, delicate, and honest; there is no ostentation, no shadow of unworthy vanity, in his persistent eagerness about his "Redecraft" and his "Tiw." We are glad to possess this record of his life, even if it be a little less perfect than we had hoped; and we turn back from it, with no sense of disillusion, to the "homely rhymes" of Dorset.

THE ARNISTON MEMOIRS.*

IT is often said that, in competent hands, any family history may be made interesting. If even "the short and simple annals of the poor" have been found capable of treatment, the history of a great house, like that of Dundas, a house which has given, both to Scotland and to England, eminent politicians, administrators, judges, and officers, is worth detailing; and Mr. Omond has succeeded, in the handsome volume before us, in telling the story clearly, simply, and not at too great length. His materials have been gathered chiefly from the family papers, preserved at Arniston, where the junior branch of the Dundases has been seated since 1571. These documents, which seem to be unusually complete, narrowly escaped destruction when the Charter Room of the house was dismantled many years ago; but they were at length arranged and calendered by Dr. Fraser; and from them omitting, as worthy of separate treatment, the letters of Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, Mr. Omond has made up his book. The illustrations are numerous and pleasing, especially one, a copy of a portrait of Katharine Oliphant, second wife of George Dundas of Dundas, who purchased Arniston. This very shrewd and determined looking old lady is variously estimated by the different branches. At Dundas Castle she is, or rather was, for the old family residence has been sold, looked upon with aversion, as "having damaged the family estate to obtain an inheritance for her son," while at Arniston her descendants describe her as a prudent dame who hoarded her pin-money and provided well for her children. There is still preserved at Arniston "a Venice glass, said to have been Katie Oliphant's wineglass, to which the tradition is attached that its breakage would be followed by dire misfortune." At the end of the first chapter we see facsimiles of the autographs of "G. Dundas of y' Ilk" and of "Katharene oliphant, lady Dundas." The first Dundas of Arniston was Sir James, Governor of Berwick; the second was "Senator of the College of Justice," with the title of Lord Arniston. This personage, who lived through the troubles before and after the restoration of Charles II., took a prominent part in politics. He resigned his office rather than renounce the Covenant, and died in retirement in 1679, before the passing of the Test Act, which would probably have driven him into exile. His son Robert also rose to the bench in happier times, and was called the second Lord Arniston. His son was also a judge as Lord Arniston, but rose to be the President of the Court of Session in 1748. This high office he held till his death in 1753. His son Robert obtained the same post in 1760. So many Lords of Session never in all probability succeeded each other. Two were judges, two were Presidents of the Court, and, to make the strange tale stranger, another Robert Dundas, the son of the second President, became Lord Chief Baron in 1804 and his brother Lord Clerk Register; while Henry Dundas, the second President's brother, was the great supporter of Pitt, and was made Lord Melville in 1802. There were many other legal luminaries in the family, but it would hardly be worth while to enumerate them all, especially as the absence of a tabular pedigree from Mr. Omond's otherwise carefully edited volume would make it a very arduous task, and, as we have seen, Mr. Omond himself is obliged to leave Lord Melville for separate treatment.

We have seldom met with a book more full of what may be called antiquarian and historical "pickings." There is very little about either the '15 or the '45; but there are so many small notes of local and family life at the time that it is difficult to select. The ravages of the small-pox in the winter of 1733-34 seem all the more shocking when we remember how many among us are striving their best to bring about their renewal. A series of letters written in those years "show in a striking manner the fearful mortality arising from that disease previous to Jenner's discovery of vaccination." The "small-pox" is spoken of in the plural in a letter from the President to his son, a student at Utrecht:—"Poor James Stewart, Garlie's son, died of them"; "they are raging in all this country." George, the writer's son, died "of them" in November 1733. "Susie" and "Annie" died in January; we may presume they were daughters, but the afore-

* *The Arniston Memoirs: Three Centuries of a Scottish House, 1571-1838.* By George W. T. Omond. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

mentioned want of a table of descent leaves it doubtful. In February the wife, Elizabeth Watson, died, to her husband's great grief, which, we may suppose, was fully proved by his marriage, a few months later, to Anne Gordon. The woodcuts are very pretty, especially those representing interiors; and many people will be glad to see the sketch on p. 211, where we have a corner in the dining-room at Arniston, of which Sir Walter Scott wrote in his diary in 1828:—"I am always happy in finding myself in the old Oak Room at Arniston, where I have drunk many a merry bottle." The panelling in the Library, as represented at p. 220, must be very good. There is something very fascinating in the history of a race which influenced the destinies of the nation by a kind of hereditary right—a race of lawyers, of country squires, who, whether by innate capability, or by some accident of personal manner, or by a habit of learning, or of governing, which unquestionably has been known to run in more than one family for several generations, kept themselves at the head of affairs in Scotland for nearly three hundred years.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.*

ALTHOUGH Dr. Cruise disavows all claim to originality, his work on Thomas à Kempis is no mere piece of book-making; it embodies the results of a long course of reading undertaken as a relaxation in the midst of the pressing engagements of a physician's life, and as the labour it demanded was reckoned a pleasure, nothing has been scamped, and the volume contains a summary of all that is, and probably all that ever will be, known of his subject, excellently arranged, and in a convenient form. The ground has, indeed, already been pretty fully occupied by the two learned works of the Rev. S. Kettlewell, and Dr. Cruise is too thorough a student to slight labours by which he has profited. As a Roman Catholic, however, he has been moved to publish his present book by a desire to give the members of his own church an account of Thomas à Kempis and the *De Imitatione Christi* that would be free from the "Anglican bias" he regrets in Mr. Kettlewell's writings, an account that would not represent Thomas as a "potential precursor of Martin Luther and his so-called Reformation." It is not our purpose to enter on what Mr. Kettlewell has or has not said on this matter, but we fully agree with Dr. Cruise as to the folly of instituting any comparison between men so wholly unlike both in work and character as à Kempis and Luther. To claim an author as a "precursor" of the Reformation because his religion was pre-eminently spiritual is simply a manifestation of the ignorant Phariseism which leads people to talk as though it was a strange thing to find that any one loved and studied the Bible or lived in close communion with God before the sixteenth century. That there is nothing in the *De Imitatione* that breathes the spirit of a religious revolt surely does not need pointing out; while, on the other hand, it is equally certain that its spirit is far removed from any extravagant exaltation of human authority. Indeed, no uninspired book of devotion has better claim to be left alone by religious partisans; it belongs to all Christians alike, and a man who can study it with the hope of finding some weapon to use against any followers of the Divine Master will meet with well-deserved disappointment. Dr. Cruise should, however, have compared the society that gathered round the suspended mission-preacher, Gerard Groot, at Deventer, with the early disciples of Wyclif; for, though we do not say that there was any striking resemblance between the two men, the movements they set on foot should be viewed side by side, especially as regards their effect on the popular estimation of monastic life. Unfortunately Dr. Cruise appears to know nothing about Wyclif, and has merely given an allusive and obscure notice of the attack upon the Brethren of the Common Life at the Council of Constance; in short, he has failed to treat the institution of the brotherhood with reference to the history of the Church at large. After some considerations in praise of the *De Imitatione*, mostly taken from the works of others, he gives a clear account of the early days of the little Society at Deventer, traces its development under Groot's successor, Florentius Radewyn, who placed it under the guidance of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and records the foundation of the monastery of Windesheim and the rapid expansion of the movement. Another chapter is devoted to the life of Thomas à Kempis and to notices of his companions largely gathered from his own works, and from those of other members of the "spiritual school" of Windesheim. Dr. Cruise next proceeds to discuss the authorship of the *De Imitatione*, collecting and arranging the results arrived at by the ablest advocates of each theory. Taking the claim of Thomas à Kempis first, he shows that several of his contemporaries, three of them personally acquainted with him and two members of his order, plainly declare that he was the author, and that a critical examination of manuscripts, and the internal evidences afforded by the book itself—its style, the frequent occurrence of Dutch idioms, and the like—lead to the same result, though there is reason to believe that, while it is the work of à Kempis, it embodies "not alone his own ascetical knowledge, but also the accumulated wisdom of the 'Circle of Windesheim,' from which he borrowed largely." On the other hand, he points out that no contemporary witnesses, no actually contemporary manuscripts,

and no internal evidences can be adduced in favour of the claim of the Chancellor Gerson, that the very existence of Gerson, abbot of Vercelli, is something worse than doubtful, and that no one else has any claim to the authorship worth considering. The last part of the book contains the "notes of a tour" through the places connected with the life of Thomas à Kempis. Dr. Cruise visited Kempen, Deventer, and Zwolle, which is only some two miles distant from the site of the monastery of Agnetenberg, with all the enthusiasm of a pilgrim. Finding that he could not get the photographs he wanted, he returned home, learnt photography, and on a second visit took the views which he has had reproduced as woodcuts in the volume before us. They are well executed, and add to the pleasure of reading the account of his tour. He photographed the skull of Thomas à Kempis, and found that his brain must have been of more than ordinary size, and he also handled his other relics, which he naturally regarded as "a priceless treasure," and made a calculation as to his probable stature.

SOUTH AFRICAN BUTTERFLIES.*

THE monograph of the extra-tropical species of South African butterflies, upon which Mr. Trimen is now engaged, is not, as he is careful to inform us, merely an enlarged edition of the useful "Catalogue" which appeared with his name some twenty or more years ago; it is rather to be regarded as an entirely new work, embodying the results of the wider knowledge he has gained during a lengthened residence at the Cape, while in its production he has been largely assisted by the researches of Colonel Bowker and other friends, whose qualifications for the task and whose valuable contributions he generously acknowledges. The extent to which this monograph is in advance of the Catalogue which preceded it may be estimated by the fact that, whereas in his earlier volume he was able only to record the occurrence of 197 native species, he can now describe no less than 380, enriching his pages with minute details of the larvae, the chrysalids, and the perfect insects, their life history, their habits, and distribution, which twenty years ago would have been impossible.

But Mr. Trimen has not contented himself with the enumeration and exhaustive description of the various forms of South African Rhopalocera ("clubbed-horns," or butterflies having the antennae knobbed or thickened at the top), their classification, and their relationship; he has prefaced his work by an introductory essay upon the general structure and habits of the class Insecta and of the sub-order Lepidoptera, which, though primarily intended for the guidance of entomologists in the South African colonies, deserves from us more than a passing notice. It is not every writer who can repeat the familiar and oft-told tale of insect metamorphoses, of their mimetic resemblances, and of their singular and unexpected habits in clear and fitting language; and English readers, who are never likely to meet with a single living example of the genera he describes, may yet turn with interest to Mr. Trimen's Introduction to this monograph to find in it a history of transformation peculiar to the whole order which, if now related for the first time, would excite unbounded astonishment, even if it were not received with absolute incredulity.

An insignificant worm-like object of smallest dimensions, yet with well-developed jaws and voracious appetite, is seen to emerge from an egg no larger, it may be, than a pin's point, which with hundreds of others was months ago, perhaps in the last year's early autumn, glued to the bark or rind of some twig or plant, to remain till spring-time unaffected by rain or frost. No sooner is it liberated than it hastens to its proper food, and so well employs its time and powers that, with rapidly increasing bulk, it speedily demands release from its too limited skin; secreting from its tissues one of greater capacity, it strips off that which had enclosed not its body alone, but its head and legs, discarding in some instances even the delicate membranes of its internal organs, as if, imposing intolerable duties, it had strained and worn out even its own digestive apparatus. Again and again, three, five, seven, in some cases even ten times, is the process repeated, until the time approaches for a second change; the caterpillar then ceases to feed, and wandering in search of a suitable retreat, enters the chrysalis or pupa stage; in some cases enclosing itself in a silken cocoon spun from glands within its own body which diminishes in size as the task proceeds; in others constructing for itself a sheltering case from particles of earth, or sand, or wood; perhaps weaving its own cast-off hairs into a protective covering; or, strangest of all, neglecting all methods of concealment, attaches itself by its hindmost segment to some fixed object, and becoming shorter and thicker, withdraws the projecting head and legs, until, its last larval skin thrown aside, it assumes a new and abnormal form, whose prevailing tints by some occult influence accord often in a very marked degree with the coloration of the object to which it has become affixed. The final appearance as a perfect insect is not so marvellous as the changes wrought during this intermediate or pupa stage. The once nearly uniform grub-shaped body is divided into three—head, thorax, and abdomen—the six or more minute eyes are enormously enlarged and developed, a long spiral sucking-tube (*haustellum*) takes the place of the active and trenchant jaws, which are now reduced to the merest rudiments, the pro-legs disappear, the true legs and the antennae are length-

* *Thomas à Kempis*. By Francis Richard Cruise, M.D. (Univ. Dublin), late President of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

* *South African Butterflies: a Monograph of the Extra-Tropical Species*. By Roland Trimen, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Assisted by James Henry Bowker, F.Z.S., &c. Vols. I. and II. London: Trübner & Co.

ened and altered, to the back of the thorax are attached closely-folded wings covered with scales, while the internal organs undergo changes equally mysterious and profound. Not until the metamorphosis is complete does the *imago*, released from its closely-fitting case, unfold and distend its wings and launch itself into the air, gifted with powers of flight seemingly out of all proportion to the slight wing-muscles and the slender thorax to which they are attached, and presenting an appearance which bears no recognizable likeness to the sordid larval form in which it had passed the earlier stages of its existence.

An unsolved problem in the economy of the Lepidoptera is the exact purpose and office of the antennæ. Varying greatly in form, and in some genera unusually long and conspicuous, it is difficult to explain their use, since they do not seem to be employed, as in other insects, as feelers or organs of touch; the extraordinary powers of smell possessed by the males of certain night-flying moths have long been recognized by collectors; and Mr. Trimen's suggestion that the antennæ are olfactory is at least worthy of more extended investigation.

The Introduction to the Rhopalocera is arranged in sections, each having its special interest; thus under Section 2, *Classification*, we notice a reference to what might be regarded as an instance of "correlation." An important feature in the classification of the perfect insect is the condition of development of the first pair of legs; we have remarked above that, in entering the pupa stage, in some cases a silken protective covering is formed, in others only a silken attachment to some inanimate object. It is remarkable that just in proportion to the atrophy of the first pair of legs in the mature insect is the extent to which these silken threads are absent or present in the pupa. The forelegs of the Hesperidæ (represented in England by the "Skippers") are fully developed, the pupæ are attached by the tail, secured also by silken thread, in some cases protected by a slight cocoon. The Papilionidæ (swallow-tail, whites, &c.) have also the forelegs perfect, their pupæ are attached by the tail, and are to a greater or less extent girt with silk; in the Lycenidæ (coppers and blues) the forelegs of the male are partly atrophied, the pupæ are attached by the tail, but firmly; in the Nymphalidæ (Fritillaries, White Admirals) the forelegs are atrophied, and the pupæ, though attached by the tail, are suspended freely and loosely.

A further section is devoted to Geographical Distribution. Though the flora at the Cape is unusually beautiful and varied, yet, with the exception of the Eastern coast-belt from about the Kei river to Delagoa Bay and Inhambane, South Africa does not seem to be a paradise for butterfly-collectors. Within the Cape peninsula, and an area of twelve miles to the North and East, Mr. Trimen in his twenty-five years' residence has only succeeded in recording some 47 species; British Kaffraria has yielded 94; beyond the Kei river Colonel Bowker has collected 117; while at Durban, on the coast of Natal, 206 species have been taken. Mr. Trimen himself in ten weeks securing 134. The most productive region in the world in Rhopalocera is undoubtedly tropical America. Mr. Bates, in his book on the Amazons, records the capture of no less than 700 species within a short distance of Pará; Europe and the Mediterranean islands have yielded about 500; the British islands, less favoured than the Continent, 63; while New Zealand, lying wholly in temperate latitudes (33° to 53° S.), with an area not much less than that of Great Britain and Ireland, possesses only 16 species, of which six at least are Australian. The sections on Differences in the Sexes, on Habits, and on Protective Resemblance and Mimicry, the latter especially, will very well repay perusal. The careful description of each individual species which forms the bulk of the work, and in which lies its true value, can only be properly treated in the pages of a scientific review; but we need not hesitate to express our opinion that Mr. Trimen's volumes will rank with the best handbooks of English or foreign butterflies which have their place upon our shelves.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

AN Exile's Romance is a story of Australian life, which, however, begins in London—as is natural in novels, at all events—for the unsuccessful plunger of romance invariably gravitates to the antipodes, and usually makes a fortune superior to anything he would ever have been entitled to in the old country. But, if the adventures of Arthur Dacre run in general on pretty well-worn lines, the details vary at times freshly, and he is a good fellow even when he discovers that his dearest friend has betrayed him. For the heroine we are devotedly grateful, because, having with her eyes open (at least she believes them to have been so) taken a man for better and for worse, she holds her vows honestly binding even when she finds them to be very much for the worse. Who will say the age of romance is past when such adventures as Dacre's, in the French penal settlement at Nouméa, were possible? We confess to a little mild wonder as to how the hero contrived to secure his money in such fashion as to escape the

search of the runaway convicts of New Caledonia, or the curiosity of the subjects, *jaunes et bleus*, of the ex-Comte de Deauville; but the account of that feathered potentate reads as if it were at least founded on fact, and one feels almost sorry at the way the worthy gentleman is balked of his revenge, even though presumably he did not hear of it. The worst of Mr. Keyser's book is his tendency to analyse his characters' feelings, and also at exciting moments to ask his readers conundrums, such as "Will he ever get there? Would the canoe live? Would it capsize?" &c. which becomes exasperating after a couple of pages when one is interested and wants to get on with the story. But Mr. Keyser knows the wild life of the country he describes thoroughly and loves it; moreover, he can invent, or introduce, characters with a fair amount of life in them, and if he would only avoid "padding," his book, good as it is, would be infinitely better and decidedly more amusing.

Environment is, we learn on the author's authority, "a story of modern (American) society," and before committing oneself on the subject one would very much like to have the opinion of some of Miss (or Mrs.) Florine Thayer McCray's countrymen on the likeness. It begins in the orthodox way at a summer resort, when the heroine, the New York girl, "was boarding up Elm Street for the summer." The hero, at least one of them, is introduced in a sidewalk "as a sturdy Saxon," whom, had his hair "been allowed to flow over his shoulders, and his muscular limbs, set free of the ugliness of modern gear, been in tunic, cloak, and leggings, one would have rubbed his [whose?] eyes, and greeted him joyously as Cerdic or Harold or Hereward the Valiant." The characters all talk with the easy freedom which prejudiced old-world readers would call "vulgarity" did they not content themselves by the apology that it is "so American." The book throughout is in the style of a very third-rate country newspaper; the various personages indulge in the smallest jokes, which always evoke sympathetic, if unintelligible, roars of laughter; they discuss music as follows:—"How wonderfully he plays," said Beatrice. "It is something beyond mere technique, though he seems a master of it. The exquisite colouring and modulation and the perfect rendition of the most intricate phrasing is so smooth and delicate, it makes me cry. Why, he handles Bach with the confidence of a lion-tamer!" (No wonder the hero dubiously remarks, "Well, now you are getting a little beyond my depth.") Another, a gentleman this time, replies as follows to an inquiry as to how he had enjoyed a party to which *à la mode Américaine* he had chaperoned the fair inquirer:—"I am never bored, Miss Merton, and, though I seldom attend such affairs, I feel myself so comfortable and pleased with every one that I fear I shall henceforth plunge into the maelstrom of society with abandon." We share the astonishment of this sententious gentleman on one point, that "it is a marvel to see a woman bred to a retired life come forth in perfect self-possession and confidence, and do the correct, the charming thing every time." Well may the heroine remark that "You little fathom the resources of our sex!"—at any rate in America, we add. One often hears Americans bewail the ignorance of their English cousins when the latter betray astonishment at the former's knowledge of the ways and manners of decent society; but really, as long as such books as the present are offered to us as fair specimens of modern American society, they have no more right to complain than we should if we suffered foreigners unchecked to study the *London Journal* or *Bow Bells* as a guide to the best society in England. In addition to its other merits, *Environment* is on decidedly strict "teetotal" lines, favouring us with a horrible warning in the beautiful Mrs. Meredith, whose extraordinary fall is certainly calculated to increase our admiration for and astonishment at American society as depicted by Florine Thayer McCray. After adding that the author's pet adjective is "queerly," one can only wonder, when reading pp. 374-5, how *Environment* got itself published after the criticism passed by the author through her heroine on "the promulgation of lessons by means of the sugar-coating of a story."

Another specimen of the horrors of drink is given in *Hatred is Akin to Love*, of which it is almost sufficient to say that it would be utterly repulsive were it not utterly silly. It is impossible to feel the slightest interest in any one of the characters; and, so far from having any sorrow for the death of Mrs. Newland, to look on it as anything but a happy release from such an intolerable entourage—which is evidently not quite the sentiment Mr. Ptolemy Houghton intended to inspire.

Of *Could He Do Better?* one's first impression is, "Very decidedly, even had he done nothing!" for the young gentleman who leads to the question is a prig of the first water, and little deserves the love of Judith Topham. But Heaven help the man who only gets his deserts in such matters, and as the young lady herself is more than satisfied, there is not much reason for others to complain. Certain it is that the womankind as portrayed by Mr. Arthur A. Hoffman are far beyond the men, even than "the useless impractical dreamer" (as that very high and mighty young person, Ambrose Jackson, contemptuously describes him), Will Sutton, who, with scheming old Aunt Robby, is sure to become a favourite with the reader, and his unselfish devotion to Judith is very prettily told. At all events, Mr. Hoffman's characters, both male and female, whom by the way he pairs off all round most conscientiously, in the good old fashion in the last chapter, are a distinct gain on the terrible specimens of American and English country society in *Environment* and *Hatred is Akin to Love*. All the same, the reason of Judith's curious conduct at

* *An Exile's Romance*. By Arthur Keyser, Author of "Dollars or Sense," "So English," &c. London: Vizetelly & Co.

Environment. By Florine Thayer McCray. New York and London: Funk & Wagnall.

Hatred is Akin to Love. By Ptolemy Houghton. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Could He Do Better? By Arthur A. Hoffman. London: Hurst & Blackett.

the election is hard to understand, especially as the author takes pains to show that it is not utter jealousy, which would at all events have been an intelligible and, under the circumstance, a pardonable motive.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

IT is difficult to avoid a certain amount of repetition in noticing the volumes of the sumptuous edition of M. Duruy's Greek and Roman (speaking chronologically, Roman and Greek) Histories which have now for a considerable number of years been issued, one after the other, as *livres d'étrennes*. It may be said of the new volume (Vol. II. of the History of Greece. Paris: Hachette), as of all of them, that the letterpress, if not extraordinarily brilliant, original, or judicial, is well informed and sensible, while the illustration is something like a liberal education in itself. A purist may, indeed, object that there is often no very obvious reason why the particular engravings should be attached to the particular text, but that is a reproach to which this style of illustration is always open. On the other hand, it may be said that the text sometimes throws light on the illustration, or *vice versa*, and that the illustration is always a pleasant companion to the text. Not merely have admirable maps been provided, but cabinets of coins, museums of sculpture, and all other archaeological treasure-chambers have been ransacked to supply the materials of the imagery. As usual, also, there is particular interest in the chromolithographs, which, to the number of some half a dozen, provide the principal illustrations *hors texte*. Once, and only once (in the plate representing the statuette of a tragic actor), does the greasiness which is the curse of this kind of work appear, while such a plate as that of the restored chryselephantine Athena simply could not have been done satisfactorily by any other method, and is extraordinarily successful in this.

We have some handsome books, both for very young and for older children, from the Librairie Delagrave. Among the first class the palm must be given to *L'éducation du petit Pierrot*. There is very little letterpress, but the engravings are conceived and executed with much comic force. The astonished and delighted discovery by a Pierrot, who is very like Mr. Dick, and a Pierrette, who is like an ex-crowned head of no matter what day, of the infant in full costume under the traditional cabbage-leaf is good. His association with a large and healthy family of fore-runners, his display of sad juvenile vices—a dislike to washing, gluttony, idleness, thievery, and even the atrocity of pinning "tyran" on to the coat tails of Maitre Pierrot (a delightful person), his condign punishment, and his repentance, are all excellently depicted. This is said to be by "Tante Nicole." The companion volumes, by "L'Oncle Gustave," entitled "Toto et Toinette" and "Serpolet et Coincoin," though coloured (the Pierrot story is in the appropriate black and white), are also good, but not quite so good. Larger volumes in crimson and gold cloth are *Un an à Alger*, by M. J. Baudel, with a selection of capital illustrations, many of them after Fromentin; *L'Afrique pittoresque*, a volume selected by M. Victor Tisot from various travellers, dealing, of course, chiefly with French Africa, and illustrated in the same way, and a more ambitious and original effort written by M. Frédéric Dillaye, illustrated by M. Sandoz, and called *Les héritiers de Jeanne d'Arc*. The two first require little notice, though they are good specimens of their kind. The third is a very praiseworthy effort to make an historical romance out of the little known, but finally successful, efforts of the Norman peasantry to throw off the English rule. M. Dillaye has studied his originals well, and has too much sense to represent even Formigny as a French Poitiers or Agincourt; but he is perhaps not quite successful in his archaic style. Fifteenth-century French is much more difficult to imitate than thirteenth, and an imitation of any old period, no matter what, which, after laborious efforts to be archaic, interpolates such a perfectly modern phrase as "Le comte a violé lâchement des droits sacrés des parlementaires," is but a left-handed thing. Fortunately the probable readers of *Les héritiers de Jeanne d'Arc* are not critical. M. Sandoz's illustrations, though rather too much smelling of their Gustave Doré, are good.

The two yearly volumes of the *Journal de la jeunesse* and the *Tour du monde* (Paris: Hachette) always form a considerable part of the Christmas books of the year. The first-named has its usual complement of stories and of instructive articles. The *Tour du monde*, as usual also, renews the regret and surprise which must be felt that the most globe-trotting nation in the world cannot support anything that in the least rivals this collection of the most recent geographical investigations, popular and scientific, of all parts of the globe. The present volumes contain the latest results of the indefatigable Colonel Prjévalsky, a further instalment of Mme. Dieulafoy's Persian Travels, some work of the great M. Savorgnan de Brazza, an unpublished journey in the interior of Tunis, M. Charnay's last travels in Yucatan, and shorter articles devoted to parts of France itself, to Lapland, the Faroes, and where not. The whole is illustrated admirably and profusely.

A History of the Academy of Sciences, by E. Maindron (Paris: Alcan) may seem an odd thing to include among Christmas books. M. Maindron, however, has testified silently but eloquently his approval of the preference of the modern sportsman for double-barrel. For bringing down the learned he has elaborate *généris* or *procès-verbaux* of séances, lists of members, reports,

documents of all kinds. For the more frivolous public he has reproductions, some on a large scale and very curious, of early paintings dealing with the subject, engravings of portraits, even caricatures. The reproductions first referred to, especially the frontispiece, where the remarkably buxom and attractive Athene of Coyple supports on her knee an oval half-length of the *Grand Monarque*, are particularly good.

If there is anybody who does not love *Peter Schlemihl*, let such a one know that he is a bad person. But for those who do love Chamisso's book, it may be agreeable to know that M. Fouquier has edited and that M. Myrbach has illustrated a gorgeous edition of it (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles). We are not sure that M. Myrbach's elaborate compositions seem to us to suit the subject so well as the crisp and half-grotesque silhouettes of the edition most familiar in England for many years past, but that may be prejudice. At any rate, they are very good in themselves. It is perhaps necessary to say that the French text is not a translation; for Chamisso, though he had completely adapted himself to the land of exile, had even Germanized his Christian name, and had written his masterpiece in German, retained facility enough in his mother tongue to reissue *Pierre Schlemihl* in what we are glad to see that native authority confirms us in regarding as French quite independent of his own modest apology for it.

It is a common and obvious remark enough that few people who have been long acquainted with any book, and who are fond of it, are quite fair judges of new illustrations thereto. They have their own ideals, and it is almost impossible that they should not be a little biased by the agreement or disagreement of the artist's conceptions with theirs. However, it is possible to guard against this, and we do not think that we have failed to do so in looking over the designs of various artists to the new issue of Mérimée's *Nouvelles* in M. Jonaus's exquisitely-printed Bibliothèque artistique (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles). Of the book itself there is no need to speak. "L'enlèvement de la redoute," "La Vénus d'Ille," and the rest, are by common consent, literally as well as anagrammatically, by "M. Première Prose" (pity that the author of that pleasant fancy did not always speak of Mérimée in the same fashion). Of the engravings, M. Merson's "Mateo Falcone" is cleverly composed, but wants tragic significance, though the background is good. M. Le Blant's accompaniment to the incomparable "Redoute" is a mere ordinary battle-piece, instead of representing, as it surely should, the finale, with "monsieur qui est arrivé d'hier" talking to his dying colonel as senior officer left in command. On the other hand, M. Sinibaldi's "Partie de triétrac" is capital, the *minois chiffonné* of the actress Gabrielle, and her action in playing with the money while she puts the fatal question to her lover, being just what they should be. "Les âmes du purgatoire" is neither good nor bad; but we cannot like the attempt—a difficult one of course—at the "Vénus d'Ille." The great splay feet and the stiff posture (does not M. Bramtot know that, when ancient artists introduced a slight stoop in connexion with the action of holding up drapery to the body, they followed nature?) would be enough to condemn it; though the half-sardonic expression of the face is at least well tried at.

The same firm send us, in their smaller, but equally beautiful, "Petite Bibliothèque artistique," a pretty issue of Silvio Pellico's *Mes prisons*. Here the illustrator is the same M. Bramtot; but he has been much happier, in of course far easier subjects.

M. Calmann Lévy issues this year (or at least his name is at the foot of the title-page; though, according to a new and rather puzzling habit, the head bears the label "Collection Guillaume et Cie") three new volumes printed and illustrated in exact likeness to the first and well-known edition of *Tartarin sur les Alpes*—that is to say, adorned with vignetted designs in the page or out of it at every opportunity. These designs are sometimes in black and white, sometimes in what are called *aquarelles*—a somewhat confusing designation, as they are, in fact, a kind of chromolithograph or chromo-phototype, having, except in their intentional softness, not to say blurredness, of outline, some resemblance to the aquatint "coloured cuts" of the last century. *Madame Chrysanthème* (the new book of Pierre Loti, and the prettiest of the three) is noticed under the head of "French Literature." The others are George Sand's *François le Champi* and M. Paul Deroulède's *Chants du soldat*. Here also it is unnecessary to say anything about the literary part. In M. Deroulède's case it would be not only unnecessary, but unkind. Both make very handsome volumes. M. Eugène Burnand takes the illustrations of *François le Champi* throughout, and gives not only the vignettes above described, but full-page, and as it were framed, drawings *hors texte*, which are very effective in their way. We are not sure, however, that we do not like the black-and-white head and tail pieces (which are often tiny landscapes without any figure) best of all. M. Deroulède's book is illustrated after different artists, and has a most dashing infantry man on its cover, and an equally beautiful trooper for frontispiece. Alas! (if we may parody the famous maxim in Latin as canine as the original) *Magis bellos homines non sunt magis bravos soldados*. The blurredness of outline on which we have commented above shows at its worst, we think, in the design to "Vive la France!" in which the thing becomes a mere smear. In fact, the general illustration of the book, with some exceptions, is below that of its fellows.

Le livre d'or du Salon (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles) is by this time a well-known and very desirable acquisition. It appears so late in the year that there is, of course, no pretence of novelty about it, and most of the canvases or marbles, of which it gives

accounts or renderings, have been long familiar, not merely to actual visitors of the Salon, but to others. It serves, however, as a register of the best work in catalogue, and of the "best of the best" in black and white copy. The frontispiece does not make us like M. Cormon's "Vainqueurs de Salamine" much better, but it is fair to say that this kind of crowded canvas is the worst suited of all to reproduction on a small scale in black and white. On the other hand, nothing could be better suited to it than such a piece of sculpture as M. Fremiet's "Gorilla." The flowers of "Le Bréviaire" are also well rendered. But perhaps the best picture-rendering of the volume is M. Lhermitte's "La Fennaison," an admirable example of engraving, and a composition good to take the taste of *La terre* out of the mouth of any one unfortunate enough to have had to read it.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE might almost if not quite as well have noticed the last work of "Pierre Loti" (1) under the head of "French Christmas Books" for reasons given in that article; but perhaps a new book with literary as well as gift-book claims is better placed here, especially in the case of an author who, in the opinion of such different judges as Ouida and M. Scherer, is one of the chief French writers of the day. Undoubtedly M. Viard holds not merely a ready, but an exceedingly ingenious, pen. Given the moral as well as historical propriety of the line "A wife in every port has he" as applied to the sailor, there is no objection of any kind, from the point of view of the young person, to his book; for the details are scrupulously proper, and, temporary wife as she was, Mademoiselle Kikou, or Madame Chrysanthème, would, according to the customs of her own country, have a just right to complain of any one who speculated her character. If, therefore, we find defects of taste in the book which were not present in the author's earlier account of his marine marriages, *Aziyadé* and *Le mariage de Loti*, it is not from any such point of view as that of the virtuous Dame Quickly. But "Pierre Loti" has in this book thought fit to take the Byronic line, and to compare the charms of, as he is pleased to call it, "morganatic" union in Japan with the said former experiences in a way very derogatory to poor little Madame Chrysanthème, to whom at this great distance we present our sincere condolences for having, even as an imaginary person, fallen upon hands, or rather lips, which not only kiss and tell, but which tell disdainful and *blasé* things. For instance, the little person longed for a comb, which (after undue delay, as it seems to us) Pierre Loti bought for her, and this is his reflection:—"Plus tard, quand Chrysanthème sera devenue une vieille guenon comme Madame Prune [the old lady from whom he bought it] avec des dents noires et de la dévotion, son tour arrivera de brocanter la chose—à quelque belle d'une génération à venir." Fie! M. Viard, is that the way a gentleman speaks of even his temporary wife? There was a time when a Frenchman thought and spoke of his mistress "quand elle serait bien vieille" in rather a different fashion. By force, moreover, of constantly informing the reader how dull and discontented he was in his rather illicit earthly paradise, we are bound to say that M. Loti produces something like a similar feeling of dullness and discontent in that reader, which he can hardly have intended. But it is fair to add that in point of mere description—minute to the point of photography and yet never "realist"—he has seldom done anything better. And in one part, at least, the touches of jealousy of his Frère Yves, for which good fellow Madame Chrysanthème seems to have had more inclination (and no wonder) than for her *maussade* and disappointed proprietor, the thing is excellently done.

We hope we shall not excite the ire of M. Romain Vienne (2) (who seems to be something hot and choleric) if we say that we really care very little to hear either truth or falsehood about his friend Marie Duplessis. Far be it from us to throw stones at her or any of her sisterhood, alive or dead. She seems, indeed, to have been a very favourable specimen of her class, neither coarse, nor grasping, nor hard-hearted, and she might have made a very good wife and mother if fate had been kinder to her. But we have always owed her a little grudge for attaching her rancid reputation to the most beautiful (next to the rose) of all flowers. And (though this is not her fault) the sentimentality of the particular book which made her famous and of its derivatives has also always appeared to us an exceedingly offensive sentimentality—as silly and maudlin as the "sensitivity" of the eighteenth century, with a sordidness in addition from which that sensibility was quite free. Let her rest in peace by all means; but digging up bones is not letting them rest in peace.

Mr. Parry's *Colomba* and Mr. Elwes's *Charles XII.* (3) are good specimens of school-book editing. Both editors are still a little afraid of what we think the more excellent way in such editing—the furnishing, that is to say, of abundant literary information; but what they do in this direction is a long way ahead of the utter insufficiency of the older school editions in this respect. Their notes are perhaps a little too full, and we are still entirely unable to understand why derivations and suchlike things, which ought to be given once for all in the dictionary, should

be given in notes to a particular author, unless (which is not the case once in a thousand times) there is something in the special context requiring the information. But these are general matters, and still undecided in at least general opinion.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MODERN Italian Poets, by William D. Howells (Edinburgh: Douglas), claims to be a sketch of Italian poetry during the hundred years ending in 1870, not fully representative of the period, though illustrating a century of national aspirations towards freedom and unity. With a brief glance at the Arcadian versifiers and the Academics, and a sketch of Parini, in which we have at least one effective rendering (43-44), these essays and translations deal with the writings of the more prominent poets of the revolutionary epochs of the century. Practically the survey extends from Alfieri to Alcega, and may be said to end with the last Austrian occupation of Venice. Mr. Howells does indeed refer to the eminent Carducci, but he likens his work to "an agnostic flowering of the old romantic stalk," and evidently regards the stalk as irretrievably exhausted. The Italians, he seems to think, are too busy writing realistic novels, "as every people do who have any literary life in them," to produce poetry of vital force and inspiration, and, to clench the matter, Mr. Howells reaffirms an oft-iterated conviction with a new application—"In Italy, as elsewhere, realism is the ultimatum of romanticism." There is no need to deal with this odd introduction of an old thesis by the incorrigible Mr. Howells, as he himself is helpful in testing its value. Having declared that literature in Italy has found the "scientific and realistic development" common to all other countries, he confesses—"I do not know the more recent work, except in some of the novels, and I have not attempted to speak of the newer poetry represented by Carducci." Much of the patriotic poetry dissected in this volume is somewhat faint, not to say spiritless, in accent, and savours of the perfunctory expression of a sentiment; while the whole can only be accepted as national with very considerable reservations. Alfieri's hatred of tyranny, for instance, is something almost alien to Leopardi's mournful and melodious invocations to his native land. Monti and Ugo Foscolo suggest no conceivable parallel. Even Mr. Howells, "inured to drought by travel through the Sahara of Italian verse," finds it difficult to treat with serious respect some of the poets whose patriotic strains he translates. It is hard for him to respond with due fervency to the loathing of police spies, foreign soldiery, priests and other obnoxious persons, expressed by these tyrant-quelling bards. He playfully insists that their demands on his sympathy caused him serious embarrassment. As an American citizen, what should he know of spies and tyrants? Hence, perhaps, we find more of dry and rather painful literalness in his versions than of spirit and warmth. Among the more successful are some of the charming *stornelli* of Francesco dall' Ongaro, specimens from the *Arnaldo da Brescia* of Niccolini, and of Alcega and Carcano. The oft-attempted Napoleonic ode of Manzoni is, however, cruelly distorted, and Mr. Howells exemplifies on the whole the utter vanity of poetical translation.

Tenants of an Old Farm (Hodder & Stoughton) is an entertaining and, in some respects, a novel example of the art of popularizing scientific teaching. The author, Dr. Henry McCook of Philadelphia, and Sir John Lubbock, who contributes a preface, are of one mind, however, in thinking that the truths of natural history are sufficiently attractive in themselves, and need not the guise of fiction or a seductive colloquial style. Nevertheless, these excursions of a naturalist in the habitats of spiders, beetles, flies, moths, and other insect forms will amuse and instruct many who would never open a text-book of entomology. The author is an accomplished naturalist, a keen observer, and writes with perspicuity and animation. His book is illustrated by drawings after nature by Mr. Edward Sheppard and Mr. Stout, some of which are of great beauty, and the humorous cuts after Mr. Beard are often whimsical indeed, though they demand close study before their ingenuity is apparent. A sort of chorus to the disquisition of the naturalist is supplied by old Dan, who makes a good "corner man," and Sarah Ann, another domestic, whose superstitions with regard to moths and spiders season the lighter interludes between the naturalist's evening lectures.

Perhaps the nature of Mr. William Tirebuck's *Great Minds in Art* (Fisher Unwin) is sufficiently indicated by noting that sixty-two of its pages are devoted to Gustave Doré and thirty-five to Albert Dürer. In the table of contents each of the eight artists discussed is credited with some typical artistic quality, and is made to represent some country. Painters like Rembrandt and Velasquez, who represent art and not a country, are thus styled Dutch and Spanish respectively; "light and shadow, dramatic effect," is the note of the one, and "realism and romance" marks the other. Dürer is "German" and stands for "symbolism," while Doré is "French" and "imagination" (1) is his master quality. After this it is not surprising to find Landseer representing English art, and his express power in art is "the love of animals." Altogether this is a feeble book.

The new volume of the *Portfolio*, edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Seeley & Co.), sustains to the full its reputation, both in literary contents and in illustration. Mr. W. Armstrong's papers on Scottish Painters, Mr. Blomfield's excellent notes and illustrations on Half-Timber Houses in Kent, Mr. Laurence

(1) *Madame Chrysanthème*. Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *La virilité sur la Dune aux Camélias*. Par Romain Vienne. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Voltaire's Charles XII.* Edited by R. H. M. Elwes. *Mérimée's Colomba*. Edited by C. H. Parry. London: Rivingtons.

Serle's articles on London during the last century, and papers on Signor Costa's landscapes and M. Auguste Rodin by Miss Cartwright and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, are contributions that command admiration. Among the beautiful plates that have long been a specialty of the *Portfolio* must be mentioned M. Rajon's etching after Murillo's "Flower Girl," Mr. G. W. Rhead's etching after Mr. Pettie's painting "Dost Know this Water-Fly?" and a variety of fine reproductions by Dujardin, Armand Durand, and Massé.

Among our new editions and translations we have *Eccelesiastical English*, by G. W. Moon (Ward & Downey); the Rev. W. Wood's *The East Neuk of Fife* (Edinburgh: Douglas); the *Life and Letters of Cicero*, by the Rev. G. E. Jeans (Macmillan); *Sakontala*, by Sir M. Monier-Williams (Murray); *Salome*, by J. C. Heywood (Kegan Paul & Co.); *Prince Lucifer*, by Alfred Austin (Macmillan); *Homespun Yarns*, by Edwin Collier (Chelmsford: Durrant); *Réséda*, from the French of Zénaïde Fleuriot, by A. W. Chetwode (Dublin: Gill); *Burke*, by John Morley, "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan); *Principles of Political Economy*, by Henry Sidgwick (Macmillan); *Poetical Works of N. P. Willis*, Routledge's "Pocket Library"; *Lucretia*, "Pocket Volume" edition (Routledge); *Foods: their Composition and Analysis*, by A. Winter Blyth (Griffin & Co.); *Montesquieu*, from the French of A. Sorel, by Gustave Masson (Routledge); *Victor Cousin*, from the French of Jules Simon, by Gustave Masson (Routledge); *François Liszt*, translated by B. Peyton Ward from Mme. Janka Wohl (Ward & Downey); and, in the "Unicorn" series of novels (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), *Jobson's Enemies*, by E. Jenkins; *Jonathan*, by C. C. Fraser-Tytler; *In Troubled Times*, by E. J. Irving, from the Dutch of A. S. C. Wallis, and *The Basilisk*, by H. P. Stephens and Warham St. Leger.

We have also received the *Live Stock Journal Almanac*, 1888 (Vinton & Co.); the *Insurance Year Book*, 1883 (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); the *Advertisers' Guardian* (Louis Collins); *Shewell's Housekeeping Account Book* for 1888 (Virtue); the *Catholic Directory*, 1888 (Burns & Oates); and Mr. Thomas Skinner's *Stock Exchange Year Book*, 1888 (Cassell & Co.)

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